TEN CENTS A COPY

The Biography of Manuel, by Ellen Glasgow, on page 1108

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Book Prices

BOOKS can escape economic laws no more than other commodities, nor can the sellers of books. The revolution in the production and distribution of goods which was furthered by Eli Whitney's invention of interchangeable parts and the mass production that followed, has already powerfully influenced the publishing industry and will affect it still more in the future. But if standardized production and profitable mass distribution are to be successful the commodity must be capable of standardization and the number of purchasers must be capable of extensive expansion. If these factors are not present, the economic laws go into reverse.

Some books satisfy these requirements and some do not. Some can presumably be reduced in price with economic safety and some cannot. The recent announcement of four publishing firms that certain books, chiefly fiction, are to be offered at $1.00 or $1.50 is therefore an experiment in practical economics.

If three times as many books must be sold at a dollar to return the same profit as sales at $2.50 (and this is not far from the ratio) then the books reduced in price must be of the kind that without disproportionate promotion charges can, under favorable circumstances, sell at least three times as many copies.

The best-selling novel, especially if it is of the popular type that has no intellectual or emotional barriers against the multitude, may conceivably answer both of the conditions mentioned above, and especially the second. Such novels are seldom original, and a wide distribution can usually be predicted from the manuscript. They can be ordered with reasonable certainty that they will meet standard specifications. Through the life of a given fashion in fiction their endurance is good, but when fashions change—when the Wrights and the Beachs go out and the Norrises and Rineharts come in—there is a great scrapping of remainders. The other requirement, of an extensible audience, they meet perfectly. A good novel of this kind has a potential public of millions if it can be got to them, and they can be got to buy it. But an unknown factor remains, the competition of the magazine. Dollar best sellers of the popular type must for the moment be described as an interesting experiment.

* * *

Two other classes of books come evidently in the same category. Standard books, established by time, and usually out of copyright, can also be manufactured in quantity, because, even if they do not sell quickly, they sell long. A Dumas, a Poe, is as good next year as this. The chief reason for the present cost of books, which is the short life of a new title, cancels out from a so-called classic. Standard types of new books, where the reader buys a kind of book rather than a special volume, may also be put upon the quantity basis, although here again the competition of the magazine has to be considered. Detective stories, which are easy to sell and easy to throw away after reading, belong here, and so does the ephemeral topical novel, that, catching some rhythm of interest, is widely sold but quickly forgotten. If such books can be reduced in price we shall escape the anomaly of being asked $2.50 for a piece of goods of known quality—a Cather, a Tarkington, or a Galsworthy novel,—and the same price for a fabric unknown in quality, unguaranteed, and not believed, even by its seller, to be good for more than a month or two's wear.

And it is highly probable that a lower price set upon books of this kind would encourage the birth control so much needed in the publishing business and relieve the bookstores and the public of a great burden of mediocre publications, whose only excuse for existence was that they might take on with a public whose tastes sometimes seem incalculable. At $2.50 that chance was a good gamble, at $1.00 it is a poor one. Just now the bookshelves are flooded with books at from $2.50 to $5.00 which from any point of view, except the author's, are dear at fifty cents.

So far and no further do we believe that a campaign of price readjustments may have real results. With the majority of good books, indeed with all new books of importance except a handful of best sellers and the ephemerals that unpack commuters'

(*Continued on page 1103*)

Saint's Day

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE stir of children with white dresses on,
And men who meet and say unguarded words,
And women from the coops of drudgery
Released, and at their doors
Standing, to see go by
Small pomps with pennons and with first hedge-flowers,
Beside which censers swing—
The hard business on which you came
Has been all changed to this!

That day you came to front
Hard-handed men, and trouble them for dues,
(Portion of what they ploughed),
And gain
Resource from them whose own resource was pittance—
That day that was of battle and hard pledges,
Has all been changed into this whitened day—
Where one has desperate-delved
The looked-for laurels grow!

This Week

"Liberty."
Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS.

"America Conquers Britain."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTRIDGE NORTON.

"The Unknown Washington."
Reviewed by GILBERT CHINARD.

"The Awakening College."
Reviewed by FREDERICK P. KEPPEL.

"That Worthless Fellow Platonov."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

Recent War Books.
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

A Week-end Anthology.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

John Masefield.
By CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Liberty and Democracy*

By NORMAN THOMAS

A RECENT anonymous writer in an eloquent plaint against King Mob makes much of the various book clubs as an example of the mob in literature. One wonders what he would have to say about Mr. Martin's new book "Liberty" which is the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club for June. He could not say that Mr. Martin flatters the crowd or condescends to the crowd. Certainly he could not say that "Liberty" is a poor and superficial book. It is on the contrary a very good book, eminently wise if not profound, unhackneyed if not in the highest sense original. And certainly it is timely. Its author is entirely right about the confusion of American liberalism, and his analysis of the causes of this confusion and the historic development of varying conceptions of liberty is both acute and sound.

A reader must be destitute of any sort of historical imagination who can read Mr. Martin's chapters on Liberty and Ancient Athens, Christian Liberty, Liberty in the Renaissance, and his discussion of the Liberty of Voltaire and the Liberty of Rousseau, without seeing a moving drama of history. On the whole it is a tragic drama. From time to time great things have been done for tolerance and freedom. But most notions of liberty have held within themselves the seeds of their own denial. The aristocratic and intellectually curious liberty of the Golden Age of Athens existed side by side with slavery and did not save the state from the folly of the Peloponnesian War and the execution of Socrates. The inner liberty of the Christian made humble men defy the power of mighty emperors but it was the liberty only of a regenerate conscience which found in the will of God its own freedom and its own peace which might, if necessary, be imposed by force upon the world. Even the enlightenment of Voltaire ministered to the growth of a materialism not wholly friendly to freedom. As for Rousseau's romantic liberty Mr. Martin joins our modern intellectuals in the favorite indoor sport of kicking Rousseau and his five points around almost hard enough to please Mr. Babbitt—Irving not George. (Perhaps out of sheer contrariness this reviewer, who confesses that he cannot accept any of Rousseau's main points as entirely true of adequate, feels like protesting that Rousseau is responsible for less than all the crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty and for some of the good that has been in our imperfect democracy. But that is another story).

Mr. Martin's own contentions about liberty may be summarized, inadequately of course, somewhat thus: There is no one absolute and abstract liberty. There are liberties which must be won and kept against the tyranny of governments and especially of the crowds. The crowd is essentially the enemy of liberty. Liberty is essentially an individual achievement, in large part an inner achievement. It comes only with the advancement of culture and power. It is the mark and the work of the "civilized man." Such men are few but their number can be increased by an educational process which for the most part we do not have. Tolerance in our modern world is the condition of the growth both of liberty and of civilization, and everything which increases in the mind of the masses some respect for tolerance is clear gain. Little or nothing is to be expected by setting one power-hungry group against another. Such

* LIBERTY. By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1930. $3.

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groups want other things far more than liberty. "What is needed is that the crowd mind itself be challenged and exposed wherever it appears."

Now this is for the most part wise doctrine and challenging doctrine. It is, as developed by Mr. Martin, by no means the doctrine of the recluse or the complete pessimist. Sentence after sentence might be quoted from him which would be salutary if bitter medicine not only for the enemies of liberty but for some of its professed friends.

And yet as I closed the book I could not help thinking that Mr. Martin had ignored or minimized some aspects of the problem of liberty in the modern world to an extent which makes his book a less valuable chart for the guidance of the civilized man than it might have been. Let me illustrate, first, by certain specific problems. Take the matter of prohibition to which Mr. Martin refers again and again as an example of illiberalism. It is quite true that much of the strength of prohibition arises from the desire to make men moral by law. But one may admit that fact and still say that if half of the social evils, charged by the advocates of prohibition to the liquor traffic were true, society would have a good case for prohibiting it or, at any rate, a case which cannot be answered simply in terms of individual liberty. There is no such clear natural right to drink what one chooses, that without further argument one may dismiss the case for prohibition of alcohol as of worse narcotics. One must go farther and ask whether Ford is right that rum and gasoline don't mix and whether it is possible for society in its present stage to suppress the liquor traffic without inviting other evils. It happens that I am not a prohibitionist but my objections to prohibition do not fall primarily under the head of my belief in liberty. They arise from my doubt, which the work of Professor Pearl and others has strengthened, that the social case against alcohol has been completely made out. They arise still more emphatically from experience of the obvious evils in trying to control personal habits by governmental fiat in the face of widespread popular opposition. It does not follow, I think, that there is anything particularly noble about the civil disobedience to a law which in reality is not practiced by respectable drinkers in perfect

to the problem of obedience to law [illegible] that there are only two reasons for obedience: one being such power of government that the individual has no choice but to obey, and no moral responsibility for obedience; and the other that the law has the "moral approval of intelligent men." I think, on the one hand, that there may be laws which the free men will want to break and will feel a responsibility for breaking even at the cost of imprisonment or death itself, while, on the other hand, there are laws for which an intelligent man may feel no moral approval or even some disapproval but which he will not want to break because to break them has social consequences worse than their observance.

And these modifications of Mr. Martin's dictum seem to me to be no minor points of casuistry in the thinking and acting of the civilized man who loves liberty and must yet live in society. Indeed it is rather astonishing that in considering this point Mr. Martin did not find it necessary to consider the case of the conscientious objector to war. Does the power of the government to arrest him or kill him completely absolve him from moral responsibility for participation in a war of which for any reason his whole soul disapproves? It is somewhat ironical to observe how much more closely the arguments of Nicholas Murray Butler and other eminent citizens on the virtues of civil disobedience justify the man who in his own person and at his own risk refuses to give over the complete ordering of his life to the State in an act of collective homicide of which he does not approve than the man who insists on drinking at some possible risk to his well-paid bootlegger. The reason even "civilized" men, who now talk like Thoreau, had nothing to say except by way of blame concerning conscientious objectors in war, had little to do with their concept of liberty. It had everything to do with their fear or with their concepts of what social loyalty in emergency required of each citizen of the state.

Right here, as Mr. Martin would doubtless agree, lies the almost insoluble difficulty in the way of any consistent theory of liberty or liberties. In any serious conflict of interests, not merely the crowd, in the sense in which Mr. Martin uses the term, but any group of relatively cultured men ordinarily tolerant, will insist on what it thinks is the superiority of the group interest. An enlightened and healthy community will wisely allow great liberty of action to convinced opponents of vaccination. It will usually prefer education to compulsion in matters of public health. But in the event of a plague it will insist on compulsory vaccination, compulsory sanitation, and whatever other measure for saving the public health it may believe in. In such emergency any successful argument of the anti-vaccinationist must rest not upon personal liberty but upon truth about vaccines.

It may be objected that these illustrations do not apply to the liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience" which Milton placed above all other liberties. These liberties, it will be argued, are protected by the distinction which Jefferson drew between speech and the overt act or by the formula made familiar by Mills and others which assures me of my right to exercise all those rights which do not injure others.

But these distinctions while valuable do not completely cover the situation. A ruler may sincerely believe that on occasions speech is an overt act. One deeply concerned for the eternal salvation of souls or the secular salvation of citizens from error may believe that a plague of false opinions is more deadly than any epidemic. Such a man cannot be answered by a homily on toleration. He may be answered by Milton's assurance "Let truth and falsehood grapple; whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter." Under this theory, as Mr. Martin points out, "the cause of freedom is the cause of truth." But Milton himself, and certainly Mr. Martin, have hardly maintained that at all times and in every circumstance truth is bound to win. I have known convinced believers in liberty but never any of them so convinced that in the teaching of children he would leave an absolutely free field for truth and error to grapple in regard to those matters which were dear to his heart. He always wants to tip the scales a little for his dear truth. Even those of us most anxious to defend liberty will be compelled to support freedom of speech, assembly, and association, rather more earnestly than some other liberties which men have claimed not on absolute

keeping of even the most honest guardians. And this is true because infallability has been conspicuously denied to men. There are objective tests which can far better be applied to the question of prohibition or compulsory vaccination than the right "to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience." Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that historically the experiment has been tried. It has been proved that heresy is the growing point of society and the successful suppression of heresy is not merely a blow to liberty but the beginning of social stagnation. This is again to justify liberty in terms of the discovery of truth and individual freedom in terms of social well-being—a humbler but sounder argument than high talk of absolute rights. There is, moreover, another humble but persuasive argument to use in support of what we have grown accustomed to call civil liberties. It is that a machine age necessarily requires such a degree of coöperation and even standardization over wide areas of human life that it becomes more important than ever before to stress freedom for the individual in all those matters where it is not very clearly opposed to the good of society.

For myself, I confess that life would be intolerable even in a far more equitable social order than our own, if economic justice for the masses were indefinitely to be maintained by absolute obedience to a servile state or by the complete supremacy of the crowd mind. I got much food for thought out of seeing that honest picture of one side of life in Soviet Russia portrayed in "Red Rust," and my reflections have been given new point by the suicide of Mayakovsky. He above all his contemporaries was the "singer of the machine and the machine gun" and of the collectivist future to which with extraordinary courage and daring a Communist dictatorship shepherds 150,000,000 men and women. Yet in the end he dies by his own hand, "like any introspective hero out of Dostoievsky's apoplectic past." Was it as Eugene Lyons suggests in the *New Republic*, that Mayakovsky ached and wept "for his unborn and unwanted lyrics in an age of battle cries?" Was it that the "mass soul" and the blatant denial of human values was too much for his deeper self? Was it in short another bit of testimony that even in the Russia of revolutionary ardors and great achievements the desire for personal liberties cannot be forgotten? I cannot speak with dogmatism. All I know is that Mr. Lyons's article gives point to Mr. Martin's fear of Bolshevism as one of the foes of the liberty for which he cares.

Nevertheless I do not think that Mr. Martin is right when his fear of the crowd makes him apparently indifferent whether the crowds seek the end of Fascism or Bolshevism or whether the crowd mind is stirred up to support special privilege or economic justice. Alas, we can no longer believe that it is enough for slaves to throw off old chains in order to be free. Men covet power as well as money and the crowd requires conformity for its own sake. Yet surely something may be won for the liberties of the "civilized" man if and when those liberties are no longer so deeply involved as now they are with the maintenance of special privileges in leisure and security if not in wealth. Men may have a better chance to escape the madness of the crowd if and when it is no longer to the direct pecuniary interest of professional patriots and propagandists of profit to keep them drunk on lies and half truths. Certainly it is true that in a world so terribly occupied as ours, with a problem of a more just and satisfactory production and distribution of those goods which we have learned to produce in great abundance, problems of liberty are bound to come in a bad second in men's social thinking and acting unless somehow they can be bound up—as I think they can—with the more urgent question of man's capacity to harness the billion wild horses of mechanical power in the machine age, to the winning of plenty and peace rather than to the service of private profit and public war. It is a natural human instinct which leads men in our day to a greater concern, if there must be a separation, for plenty and for peace than for the older aristocratic liberties which only a few have rightly appreciated. And of this small group, in the long struggle for more tolerable human relations how singularly few, from the age of Pericles to our own, have seen the insecurity of their own freedom in a world from which bitter poverty and war have not been banished.

It is here that I find Mr. Martin's book least sat[illegible]inty that liberty will [illegible]y sort of mass action [illegible] which I think lovers [illegible]st, he has minimized and almost ignored the economic roots of the grossest denials of freedom in America. The qualities of the crowd play their part in the tragedies of Sacco and Vanzetti, Mooney and Billings, and all the long and sorry stories of injustice and depression in the land where there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, one for the white man and another for the black man, one for the boss and another for the worker. Yet in very few specific cases has it been originally the blindness or the stupidity of the crowd which is to blame. Crowds do not usually take the initiative. The trouble has begun with men, many of whom by outward signs would pass as "civilized" men, who for the sake of economic profits and power have not only sinned against every concept of liberty but betrayed the most elemental notions of justice. Not to discuss this aspect of the case in America more fully is to leave us with crippled understanding of the practical problems of the daily struggle for freedom.

A second criticism which seems to me important concerns Mr. Martin's brief treatment of the functions of government. I agree with him that "necessary regulation of traffic or interstate commerce should not, among people with mature minds, be made precedent for the regulation of conscience by the Treasury Department of the United States." I even agree with him that the burden of proof rests "with any advocacy of the extension of the powers of government." Even for desirable ends. But in a world where a planned economic order is daily more essential the burden of proof has been met. Powers of government must be extended. The question is how, and in what spirit. The concern of a lover of liberty is less with the powers of the thing we call government in the abstract than with the question how we may make government in our thinking and in our practice a useful servant rather than an absolute master. Here again Mr. Martin's capacity for clear thinking and vivid and lucid expression might have given us more help.

It is perhaps an ungracious thing to dwell on what seems to me the sins of omission and commission in so good a book. My excuse is that Mr.

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Martin speaks very persuasively for himself in his pages and that my own interest in the problem which he has examined has led me to state certain aspects of it which to my mind are vital. It would be a better or at any rate an easier world to live in and plan for if love of liberty and love of truth were always the same, if tolerance went hand in hand with zeal for the removal of injustice, if men in crowds kept the capacity to reason, if the removal of one oppression meant an automatic achievement of freedom. As it is, we are compelled to work out our own sense of values, often painfully. We are compelled to add and subtract and find where the balance lies. But so great is the danger that in casting their social accounts men will forget liberty or debase it into a catchword for the will of the mob that whoever reminds us of the meaning of liberty and its cost has done us an inestimable service. It is a service indispensable to democracy. For he who would save democracy must increase the love of liberty and the capacity for liberty. Likewise he who would save liberty must put his trust in democracy. Neither will be saved unless we can avoid war. But if we can make social progress by democratic methods of give and take and learn new tolerance even through the enforced toleration of men and ideas not strong enough to conquer one another, and in that process avoid large scale war then there will be an opportunity for the cultivation and extension of liberty greater than any dictatorship can afford.

Book Prices

(*Continued from page* 1101)

souls, it can have little profitable concern. All agree that with the present distribution the prices of books cannot be much reduced, if at all, and the judicious will add that at the present level of taste and intellect in this country, books with any cerebration in them are not likely to triple their circulation by a cut in price. For the best books are not standard products; they cannot, with rare exceptions, be sold to anyone if only the price is low enough. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" was worth $5.00 to many a reader, and not five cents to thousands of others. That such good books can be sold more widely by better methods of distribution we believe, that the level of reader interest in this country is slowly but steadily rising, we believe also. But price cutting with such books is surgery not medicine, and they are not operable cases. A general price cutting, without a vast increase in sales, might bankrupt authors, strangle experiment, extinguish book shops, and reduce the book trade to the canned goods level. The scientists talk of a controlled experiment. Let us hope that this new venture in book prices will be controlled and discriminating.

The scientists talk of a controlled experiment. If this experiment is not controlled by publishers who act with some regard to the welfare of the whole trade and with the most careful discrimination in the kinds of books selected for the experiment, the result is likely to be one of those bargain counter scrambles, in which competition run wild benefits neither the seller nor the buyer. For the buyer in this case wants a steady production of good books at a price that makes the publication of good books possible, and the seller desires or should desire to remain in the book publishing business, and not to become merely a competitor of the news stand magazine. Steady! should be the motto of the book trade through the next few months.

We quote the following prospectus:

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Economic War

AMERICA CONQUERS BRITAIN. By LUDWELL DENNY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

WHILE others are busy declaiming either that Britain and America are headed straight for war or that war between the two great Anglo-Saxon sisters is "unthinkable," Ludwell Denny gets together the actual facts of their competition and puts them together in a volume which compels attention and goes far to prove that both the declamatory camps are wrong.

In his introductory chapter he conclusively disposes of the idea that an Anglo-American conflict is "unthinkable." In his concluding chapter he comes to the conclusion that America is destined to replace Great Britain as the greatest of world powers and warns the British that they would do well to acquiesce peacefully in that destiny as, if they try to resist it by armed force, they will simply "go down more quickly, that is all." War or peace between

Radical Naval Disarmament "Throw it on the scrap-heap, Father Neptune! Innocent little toys like that are no longer of any use to us!"

CARTOON, BY H. H. HEINE, IN THE MUNICH *SIMPLICISSIMUS*

the two countries is thus reduced to a question of whether Britain chooses to surrender without fighting.

If this appears to be a somewhat casual way of disposing of one of the greatest of world issues, that appearance is removed by a careful perusal of the intervening chapters. And only a careful perusal is worth while. This book cannot be looked over; it must be read. Mr. Denny's unembellished and unleavened paragraphs are packed to the full with facts and figures that proceed in relentless logic to prove his case.

He explores the present relations between the two countries in the fields of industrial competition, world trade, finance, raw materials, rubber, oil, chemicals, aircraft, merchant marine, and communications, and finds the economic interests of the two great empires in a mighty struggle for world supremacy in every one of them. He gives us a complete economic annotation to the political conclusions which Nicholas Roosevelt has already drawn for us in his recent "America and England."

"There is not room in the contracting modern world for two conflicting empires as large and as predatory as Britain and America. Either the supremacy of America will be recognized by Britain in peace, or that supremacy will be asserted in battles of blood." This may seem a bit discouraging. Mr. Denny himself indicates that our methods are sufficiently different from the traditional methods of the British Empire to hold the promise of a peaceful solution. "We are not without cunning. We shall not make Britain's mistake. Too wise to try to govern the world, we shall merely own it. . . . Our weapons are money and machines. Our materialism, though not our power, is matched by theirs. That is why our conquest is so easy, so inevitable."

Broadly, Mr. Denny's thesis is that Britain attained her preëminent position in the world by giving the world what Britain wanted to give, while we shall supplant her because we are giving the world what the world wants to take. There may be many qualifications to this statement, but fundamentally the distinction is valid. The world resisted the British conquest: it is assisting ours—except for the old dominating element in Britain itself. That will resist stubbornly our assumption of the preëminence that it has formerly enjoyed. Whether it will resist to the extent of armed conflict depends upon the rapidity and the thoroughness with which other elements in British life supplant the old dominances.

The whole vast problem in all its breadth and depth is highly illuminated by the discussion in this book. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that it is impossible to understand the problem without this volume and the one of Roosevelt's already mentioned, but it is no exaggeration to say that nowhere else can so comprehensive and satisfying a presentation of all its ramifications be found in anything like as brief a compass.

The First President

THE UNKNOWN WASHINGTON: BIOGRAPHIC ORIGINS OF THE REPUBLIC. By JOHN CORBIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHINARD

Author of "Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Americanism"

THIS is the most candid and most honest effort that has yet been attempted to penetrate and analyze the most enigmatic and perhaps greatest character of the American Revolution. After so many "debunking" biographies, it is singularly comforting to find a study of Washington which deliberately neglects the non-essentials to determine and weigh the contribution made by the First President to the form of government finally accepted by the American people.

Such an undertaking presented almost insuperable difficulties, for Washington himself was singularly reticent and, I may say, almost inarticulate, when it came to formulating the main articles of his political creed. His published works provide little grist for the mill of the "intellectual" biographer; whether the complete edition of his writings, which we now may hope to have within a reasonable time, will offer much more material in this respect is somewhat doubtful. But acts speak louder than words, and it is by scrutinizing the acts of Washington that Mr. Corbin has attempted to reconstruct his mind.

Of decisive influence on his formation was his "love affair" with Sally Fairfax, called by Euge Prussing, "the finest love story in the world," a one of the finest chapters in Mr. Corbin's book, a though one may fail to see as clearly as he does t connection between "the republic and Sally Fai.- fax." A man of little learning and little reading (George Washington had only a few choice books), but he loved tragedy—the "Cato" of Addison, which he caused to be performed at Valley Forge, extolling the stoic virtues of the republican hero who died on his sword rather than share Cæsar's greatness. Heroic as his renunciation may be at a distance, it was not unexampled—it is the common story of an unsung moral victory. Washington simply behaved with ordinary decency, but with no higher sense of honor and duty perhaps than Jefferson in his touching love affair with Madame de Corny.

♣ ♣ ♣

Of different tenor, but still greater importance, are the four chapters treating of the origins of the Constitution. It is a great joy particularly to read the fine estimate of John Adams's contribution to American political thought. Even more misunderstood than Jefferson, John Adams is a striking example of the ungratefulness of democracy. He had nothing of a national hero—his petty faults, vanity, petulance, irrepressibility, are obvious, and yet he was a scholar, a thinker, a clear-headed man, a true patriot, a true republican, and, to a large extent, a true democrat. Of no Olympian stature, he is intensely human and self-revealing: a well-intentioned man, surrounded with badly-chosen advisers; a man of intellect rather than a man of action. He blurted out more unpleasant truths than any other "Father."

In the chapters dealing with the rôle played by Washington during the debates on the Constitution, Mr. Corbin, handicapped by the lack of authoritative material, exerts a great amount of ingenuity, but his discussion is most illuminating. It is a masterly picture of the conflicting theories, interests, whims, and personal elements which were unable to ruffle the presiding officer, even if he was deeply stirred in his soul. As to Washington's influence in the Convention, the glimpses we have are few, but they are enough to show that he presided "as he commanded an army or managed his plantation, with dignity, affable kindness, and, when need was, with just austerity. . . . Not only by virtue of titular leadership but morally and indeed mentally he was

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king-pin of the Federalist system as embodied in the Constitution."

Even if the demonstration of the author falls short of being absolutely convincing, it succeeds in refuting the misconception which represents Washington as a mere figure-head. In those pregnant times, more by his presence than by his words perhaps, Washington contributed to the general atmosphere of the debate something intangible yet real. He knew how to inspire men with loyalty. He realized he had very little knowledge of the theories of government, and was not interested in technicalities and modalities which were the business of experts like Hamilton and Jefferson; but he held an unshakable faith in the necessity of creating an instrument which would promote and strengthen the Union. Because he had early learned how to control himself, he knew how to control and "harmonize" men of different temperaments and antagonistic interests. It is to be regretted in this respect that the author should have held up the portrait of Gilbert Stuart as a striking likeness of Washington; far better would it be to study the prodigious terra-cotta made by Houdon and now in the Louvre. It radiates power, controlled energy, perspicacity, with just the touch of sadness that came from his experience of men and life. Better than any book, it convinces one that the man it represents cannot have been a mere figure-head.

The last part of the book is not the least stimulating, and would deserve a detailed discussion. Professing to be neither Hamiltonian nor Jeffersonian, Mr. Corbin attributes to the "Revolution of 1800" a large part of the "failures of the Constitution," and throws on Jefferson the burden of the responsibility. The social contest between "democracy and aristocracy," the economic contest "between planter, agriculture, and northern commerce," the "methods of party warfare which Jefferson instigated and which no one can excuse" according to Gaillard Hunt, perverted and ruined the "republic" of Washington. On this point, as on many others, the students of Jefferson might well differ with Mr. Corbin, who concedes himself that the Constitution proved to be an ineffectual instrument to maintain and promote the form of government best adapted to the growth of the country. Whether the system advocated by Mr. Corbin would work better is more than an academic question. His recommendation to substitute for the party system, the "blocks," and lobbying organizations, a sort of corporative representation, has been tried by the French with the *adjonction des capacités* since 1830, with rather indifferent results. But his last chapters, which are both critical and constructive, deserve to be read, not only by students of government, but by every thoughtful American.

The Awakening College

THE AWAKENING COLLEGE. By C. C. Little. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by Frederick P. Keppel
President, Carnegie Corporation

IT would be easy to dismiss "The Awakening College" on the ground of hasty preparation, inaccuracies, and unfairness; for it is a singularly vulnerable book. This, however, would not be a wise course, for the book will have to be reckoned with in spite of its faults. The author has a very real interest in education and in young people, his courage is not watered down with discretion, and he has a pungent way of putting things which makes them remembered. "*Anti*-curricular" activities, for example, is a great improvement on *extra*-curricular. Or take the following: "College is not a social or country club—nor is it a factory grinding out students like so many intellectual sausages linked by 'college spirit' and stuffed with heterogeneous detailed facts."

It is not unusual for writers on education, past and present, to profess a sturdy trust in young people in general, but they usually reveal serious doubt as to the quality of the current crop. Dr. Little is one of the few whose confidence includes the present generation. In spite of all that has been said to its discredit, "post-war youth was more self-sufficient, more courageous, more sincere, and more serious than formerly. It has so remained up to the present time and will probably continue to be so."

In dealing with specific situations, he has made a number of wise and helpful comments, as

> The problem of self-support, either wholly or in part, during college is one of outstanding importance to students. A balance must be struck between the mental ability of the student, his physical and mental stamina, his financial needs and the opportunities for earning money. Uncertainty or unbalance in the solution of this situation causes lack of efficiency and unhappiness which may become far-reaching.

In too many cases, however, he quite obviously didn't wait to recover his temper before writing about experiences which had made him angry. The original indignation may have been wholly righteous, but the result is that we have sometimes merely a petulant, sometimes an unjust, treatment of a matter upon which he really has something worth-while to say. In a number of instances, as in his treatment of college fraternities, his case would be far stronger were his denunciations less sweeping.

The distortions which result from this fundamental weakness in the book are doubly unfortunate. "The Awakening College" is likely to have a circulation among young people quite unusual for a book on education, and the chance to present to the college student a temperate and balanced picture of the situation which faces him (or her) has been missed. On the other hand, the older reader, professor or alumnus or trustee, who might find much of profit to himself, is provided with too many opportunities to discount and disregard material which deserves his prayerful consideration.

Perhaps the bitterest chapter in the book is the one dealing with the professional scholar, and here more than anywhere else does one get the feeling that Dr. Little has laid himself open to the charge of adding one more to the list of "Now It Can Be Told" books. There is all too much truth in what he says about the limitations of many college professors outside their own particular fields, but a fair picture would contain much which he has failed to include. That on Politics: State and University, is more successful, for while here too there are evidences of anger, his courage and directness have made a distinct contribution.

On the whole, his treatment of coeducation is not very convincing; in particular too much weight seems to be given to the influence of "dissatisfied older women as executives, faculty members, faculty wives, or merely local club-women."

Though they contain some interesting reading, the chapters on Training Teachers and Pseudo-Professional Schools are more or less dragged into the volume by the heels, and require no more than passing comment. Nor does that on Admission to College, in which a number of inaccuracies may be found.

He has some very sensible things to say about Military Training, in which he deals in an effective way with "Chambers of Patriotism." The conclusions about athletics are about the same as those of the recently published Carnegie Foundation report. The chapter on Religion in College is written in better spirit than much of the other controversial material, and deserves special commendation.

In dealing with the Alumni, he makes the obvious but not hitherto considered point that every college has the alumni it deserves. "If the 'official' college would stop parading, strutting, preening itself before the mirror, and admiring its own profundity it would breed a type of alumuns much more alert and awake intellectually." Dr. Little was one of the first college executives to see the possibility of establishing in college intellectual relations which should continue after graduation, and his discussion of what he calls the "Alumni University" is one of the most interesting things in the book.

Though it will be seen the book deals with many matters, there are two underlying thoughts which tend to give it unity. The first is that in the present state of affairs there is greater need of repentance and reform on the part of the faculty and of the college administration than on the part of the students. The second is that the problem of the American college as it faces us today is really the total of a multitude of separate personal problems effecting all concerned, the faculty as well as the students, and that these individual problems are far more likely to be emotional than intellectual in character.

Commenting upon the continuance of the sale of Rupert Brooke's poems in England, his biographer, Edward Marsh said recently: "There is still quite a fabulous sale for his poems, both here and abroad. In no year since he died have sales fallen below £4,000 ($20,000). We should have no difficulty, despite these impoverished times, in raising the £500 ($2,500) which we hope to contribute from this country to the £2,000 ($10,000) fund for the Skyros grave."

Don Juan His Own Victim

THAT WORTHLESS FELLOW PLATONOV. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by John Cournos. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1930.

Reviewed by O. W. Firkins

THE four acts of this newly discovered Chekhov play treat rather circumstantially the closing episodes in a career of seduction in which the involuntary fascinations of a country schoolmaster find their latest, least respectable, and most amusing victim in himself. A threefold feminine entanglement lends itself to pointed situation; in the "League of Youth" it turned Ibsen for a short half hour into a Scribe. But plot is so votatible in Chekhov that even here, where things happen, it not only evades the reader in perusal, but eludes the critic in his analytic retrospect. The play is too long; it could safely and wisely spare an act. The scene is in provincial Russia, or, rather, in that unsurveyed "Chekhovia" which geographers or sociologists would have some difficulty in locating between the Black and White Seas. The people are Chekhov's old people, as forward, as spleenful, as clumsily violent, as mawkish in their sobbing intervals, as ever; but here a little eased, a little salved perhaps, by nonchalant, good-humored fellowship in misbehavior. Mr. Cournos's rendering has vigor, and the speeches, in their ramming, gouging way, are often forcible, but the finality in terseness which Chekhov was to reach and to which the bracketings in this edition significantly point, is still unmastered. We are not yet arrived at that drama by vestiges, drama by indices, in which the indications are ranged like keys on a ring, metallic, insular, compact, piquing to curiosity, if one only knew to which drawer in which cupboard each individual key was preadjusted.

* * *

Chekhov's riper conversation, a conversation all hooks and cusps, all barbs and arrowheads, is clearly unsuited to the portrayal of full, outflowing, and expansive personalities. His greater fluency and freedom in this play have enabled him to reach, in one instance, higher levels of characterization than he has attained elsewhere, except perhaps in Firs and in Madame Ranevsky in the "Cherry Orchard." Let us hear Platonov talking to his wife:

> Stay here as a nurse, if not as a wife! You're a strange folk, you women! You're strange, Sasha! You can feed the wretch Ossip, you lavish mercy on cats and dogs . . . haven't you a crumb left for your erring but repentant husband? Why do you act the executioner? Stay, Sasha! (*Embraces her.*) I can't do without a nurse! I'm a worthless fellow. I've taken away the wife of a friend, I'm Sofya's lover, I'm even Anna Petrovna's lover, I'm a polygamist, a great scoundrel from the point of view of a family. . . . Be shocked! Be indignant! But who will ever love as I love you? Who will value you as I do? For whom will you cook dinner and over-salt the soup? You, of course, have right on your side, if you go. . . . (*Lifts her.*) Who will lift you like this?

This, in its mixture of profligacy, limpness, and whimsicality, in its abjectness that is half effrontery, in its self-deriding, yet not insincere, pathos, seems to me a portraiture of an original and high validity. Chekhov himself does not know how good it is, and half spoils it by overplus and dilution, and by not remembering steadily that its virtue is purely comic. He is misguided enough to let a vindictive woman shoot his hero in the end,—as if murder had any relevance to Platonov. Shakespeare might as reasonably have given Falstaff a year in Newgate for the Gadshill robbery.

This play is close enough to the normal Chekhov to attract, if not to satisfy, his admirers; it is far enough away from him to interest, and perhaps to propitiate, his critics.

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A Cross-Section of War

STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR. By HELEN ZENNA SMITH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.
WAR NURSE. Anonymous. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1930. $2.
IN SPITE OF ALL REJOICING. Anonymous. New York: Duffield & Co. 1930. $2.50.
JOURNEY'S END. By R. C. SHERIFF and VERNON BARTLETT. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1930. $2.50.
THE FIERY WAY. By FRANZ SCHAUWECKER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.
FOUR INFANTRYMEN. By ERNST JOHANNSON. New York: Alfred H. King. 1930. $2.50.
THROUGH BLOOD AND ICE. By FERENC IMREY, in collaboration with L. S. PALEN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $3.75.
THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES, AND OTHER STORIES FROM THE FRONT. By FRÖIS FRÖISLAND. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

HERE is a section of the platoons, companies, battalions of war books that have come marching out in the general mobilization of the more articulate ex-warriors which has been going on for the past two years. And if this almost random sample is fairly representative of the vast output, not the least notable of the by-products of the war is its literature. For most of the war books —and almost certainly the best of them—are written by amateurs, who somehow seem to have received the gift of tongues from the experiences they underwent. It is rather remarkable that of these eight books, not one is unskilfully written, each in its way is extremely interesting, and most of them achieve a rather high order of descriptive writing.

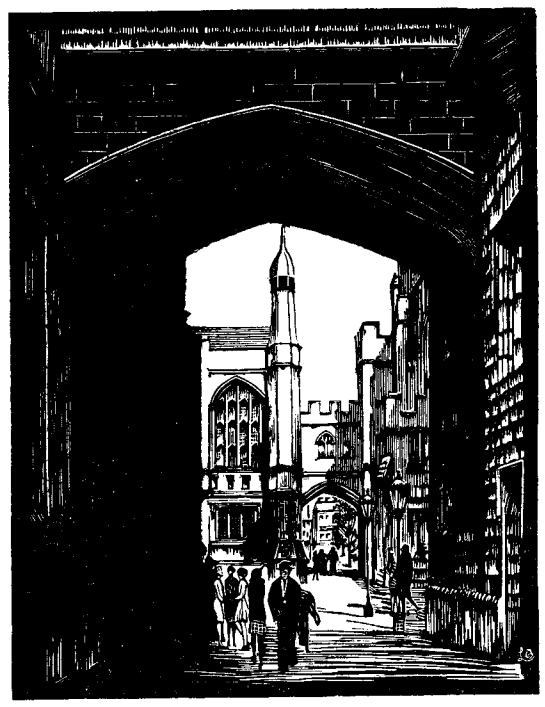
In paying my tribute to the literary excellence of these war stories I subdue for the moment my personal opinion as to some of their points of view. Indeed, I might more comfortably subdue it altogether, since my own view of the whole matter appears in these days to be extremely unpopular. For instance, when I find a war story publicly belauded by some great and good man as a book that everybody should read because it tells the "naked truth" about the horrors of war—the implication being that he who reads will thereafter run away from war forever—I often discover on reading it that the book offends me horribly, that it seems to me to give a wholly distorted picture of hours and events that were generally tragic, sometimes sordid, but often also heroic, and not infrequently touched with humor. Can it be that the preachers who find praise only for books that paint war and warriors as always and inevitably bestial are repenting in dust and ashes for the days when they deemed it their Christian duty to "hang the Kaiser?"

* * *

One of these pulpit-praised books is "Stepdaughters of War," a strikingly written novel, truthfully described by the publishers as "savage and unsentimental," dealing with an Englishwoman's experiences first as an ambulance driver and later as a member of the W. A. A. C. Quite obviously the author makes use of the artist's legitimate privilege of selection, and she selects exclusively the horrible, the sordid, and the futile. The result, to me at any rate, is a picture of the war, both at the front and at home in England, that is wholly unauthentic. The older people at home who fought the war by serving on committees and acting as waitresses and sending their sons to the front and their daughters to drive ambulances were not, in the main, the petty, puerile set of egotists that Miss Smith describes. "WAACS" and ambulance drivers were not daily and hourly exposed to slaughter, nor, while they lived, was there the complete moral breakdown that one cannot but gather from Miss Smith's story was a commonplace among the women war-workers in France. As a work of fiction "Stepdaughters of War" is well done and well worth reading, if you happen to like this kind of book, but I cannot share its clerical sponsor's enthusiasm for it as a pacifist tract. I do not believe that war will be ended by circulating exaggerated stories of its brutalizing effects and suppressing the spiritual values that happily also emerge whenever humanity finds itself in a crisis. You are not going to frighten men out of war any more than you are going to bully them out of drink; but you may conceivably educate them out of both.

In a similar vein, but less propagandist, and also less forcefully written, is the anonymous "War Nurse," which purports to be a record of the actual experiences on the western front of the daughter of a wealthy New York family. Without further proof I should hesitate to accept literally its claims to absolute authenticity, but it is evidently based on fact. Here there is not, as in "Stepdaughters of War," an absolute breakdown of moral standards, but a psychologically interesting story of the gradual loosening, under the impact of war, of the conventional morality.

Having accorded place to the lady auxiliaries, we turn to the combatants. "In Spite of All Rejoicing" is another anonymous book, but about the authenticity of it there can be not the slightest doubt. It is the actual diary, not kept up day by day, but written when there was something to record or some mood to express, of a young Englishman who was in a territorial battalion when war broke out, went overseas as a non-commissioned officer in November, 1914, later obtained a commission in the infantry, and for the latter part of the war transferred to the Flying Corps. Here is first-hand material for the



The Harper Memorial Court of the University of Chicago
From a woodblock by Betty Lark
(Courtesy of William Edwin Rudge).

future historian and psychologist, the record of events and emotions as they were lived from day to day by a singularly sensitive intelligence. There is tragedy in plenty, but humor, too, and there is the lack of rancor towards the enemy and the sympathy for him that characterizes almost all the war stories by actual combatants. There is also disillusionment—as how could there not be, after three and a half years in France? But the expression of it is temperate and restrained. There emerges from the whole record a total picture of the war that is singularly well-balanced—evidently too well-balanced for Mr. Henry Williamson, who does his best, in an Introduction, to adjust the scales to the prevailing viewpoint. The diary closes on November 11th, 1918, with words that were certainly echoed in the hearts of many soldiers who were in France on that date: "I am feeling rather ill and depressed in spite of all the rejoicing around me; immeasurably relieved, glad to be alive, and glad we have won, but tired and a little sad."

Equally restrained and equally authentic is R. C. Sheriff's play, "Journey's End," the most truthful of war plays because in its single setting it is compact of all the elements that comprised life in the trenches —tragedy, humor, pathos, the medicine of laughter, the boon of comradeship, the straining of nerves to the breaking point, and the discovery of strength, even in a whiskey bottle, to carry on. I admit to such a fondness for the play that I picked up the novel with reluctance. My worst fears were not realized, but some of them were. There is a sentimentality about the novel which the play just manages to escape. On the whole, however, Mr. Sherriff and his collaborator, Vernon Bartlett, have done a workmanlike job, and those who have not seen the play will enjoy the novel.

From the other side of the Hindenburg Line come two combatant records, following (*haud passibus æquis*) in the path of "All Quiet on the Western Front." I found "The Fiery Way" extremely interesting for the vivid impressionistic picture it gives both of the German war machine and of the whole machinery of war. In no war book that I recall is the thunder of artillery and the terror of shellfire more vividly portrayed. The first section, on the training of the German recruit, is also exceedingly well done. Here is a passage that sums up the evolution of the soldier:

> The petty, aimless, lounging life of peace-time is done with. Life has suddenly been brought back to its simplest terms. Every movement is scrupulously precise, every touch is determined, every action is consciously directed towards its goal. Everything makes straight ahead, and everything has its clear, palpable meaning. Existence, which was formerly so confused, so unclear, is become life, rolling onward, crystal-clear, collected, unshakeable, in the compressed fulness of every second.

In "Four Infantrymen" we have a German private's impressions of the last stage of the war, the retreat after the Hindenburg line was finally broken, when the German armies, short of men, rations, and munitions, were falling back, harried from the air by squadrons of planes against which they had few opposing flights to send, and from the earth by the Allies' guns standing wheel to wheel for miles behind the lines. The stark horror of the retreat, the heroism of the rearguard actions, the bewildered disillusionment of the soldiery, and the final disintegration of the famous German discipline make up the theme of a story written apparently at the end of 1918 while the author was still laboring under the stress of the events described.

Totally different in theme and tempo is the work of another "enemy" author, Ferenc Imrey, a Hungarian artist and citizen of the world, who found himself caught in the net of war in August, 1914; served bravely in repelling the first Russian onrush into Poland and in the battles around Lemberg; and finally, severely wounded and taken prisoner, saw the war through, surviving the Kerensky and the Bolshevik revolutions, in the prison camps of Siberia. It needed no war to make Mr. Imrey an out-and-out pacifist, but his experiences—and no wonder—have confirmed his pacifist convictions. He survived a series of the most amazing adventures mainly, one gathers, by virtue of an incurable optimism and a persistent sense of humor, finally returning home, after the Armistice, by way of Vladivostok and Japan. For graphic description, rapid movement, and thrilling adventure, this account has few equals among war books. In passing, it is interesting to note that between the Bolsheviks and the White Russians—and the author had intimate experience of both—Mr. Imrey gives his vote to the Bolshevik every time as being far less expert than the White Russian in the arts of diabolical cruelty. The book is written in collaboration with Lewis Stanton Palen and is illustrated by the artist-author.

The last of these eight war books, "The Man with the X-Ray Eyes, and Other Stories from the Front," differs from any of the rest in being the work neither of a combatant nor of an amateur, but of an experienced Norwegian journalist who served on the Allied fronts as a correspondent throughout the greater part of the war. Recently he has collected certain of his remembered experiences and on them based a series of sketches that throw up into sharp relief, here, a human incident and, there, a typical situation of the war. About some of the sketches, for instance "Sall Uhu—The Lion of Senegal" and "The Chameleon," there is quite a Kiplingesque flavor; all of them are stamped with the hallmark of the literary craftsman. Incidentally, I am grateful to Mr. Fröisland for one passage in his first sketch, "On the Firing-line," which enables me, by more or less returning to my beginnings, to give some sort of unity to the diversity of this article. The passage concludes his description of the Front:

> And it has ten thousand things than which nothing more beautiful can be seen anywhere—nothing more peaceful, nothing more unselfish and self-sacrificing.
> But it is the most awful thing in the world.

"So, says the London *Observer*," Pet Marjorie is to have her memorial—and why not? She completes, with Sir Walter Scott and Dr. John Brown, one of the trios in literature that one would most desire to make into a quartet. She is perhaps the one infant phenomenon to whom we do not feel a little unkindly. And does she not live in the anthologies with her comment on mental insolicitude in the Turkey:

> But she was more than usual calm,
> She did not give a single dam,

and in the candid confession of the unscrupulousness of the artist:

> He was a very pretty woman.
> I could not get a rhyme to Roman,
> So was obliged to call him woman."

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The Bowling Green

A Week-end Anthology

THE art of life is to be so well known at a good restaurant that you can pay by cheque.
—E. V. Lucas, *Over Bemerton's*

As I was coming into Town, & just received your Letter, I said aloud—Agreable B-tch—
—Last words of Swift's Journal to Stella (1713)

To be Anonymous is better than to be Alexander. Cowley said it engagingly, in his little essay on Obscurity: "*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit:* he lives well, that has lain well hidden."
—Louise Imogen Guiney, *Patrins*

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.
—Ben King, *The Pessimist*

Sail locker should be dry and clean. The Chief Mate should see that all officers know the stowage of the locker, so that a required sail may be taken out at night without much trouble.

If the ship is troubled with rats, place a good deal of dry newspaper in the locker for the rats to chew on.
—Felix Riesenberg, *Standard Seamanship*

Few know the ways of this rapt eremite
By civilization he is not impressed;
Lost in the spiral of his conscience, he
Detachedly takes rest.

It is a case of static resolution,
That has attained such peace with little din;
Bereft of Eden's garden, his two horns
Were cannily drawn in.
—Laura Benét, *The Snail*

When a university course convinces like a slumbering woman and child convince,
When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night-watchman's daughter,
When warranty deeds loafe in chairs and are friendly companions,
I intend to reach them by hand and make as much of them as I do of men and women.
—Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

The odium of success is hard enough to bear, without the added ignominy of popular applause. Those who fail have their revenge on the successful few, by having kept themselves free from vulgarity, or having died unknown.
—R. B. Cunninghame Graham, *Success*

There are people who appear to think only with the brain, or with whatever may be the specific thinking organ; while others think with all the body and all the soul, with the blood, with the marrow of the bones, with the heart, with the lungs, with the belly, with the life.
—Miguel de Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life*

An open mind is all very well in its way, but it ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it. It should be capable of shutting its doors sometimes, or it may be found a little draughty.
—Samuel Butler, *Notebooks*

In this imperfect, gloomy scene
Of complicated ill,
How rarely is a day serene,
The throbbing bosom still!
Will not a beauteous landscape bright
Or music's soothing sound,
Console the heart, afford delight,
And throw sweet peace around?
They may; but never comfort lend
Like an Accomplished Female Friend!
—Ignotus (quoted by J. C. Squire)

I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes.
—Thoreau, *Walden*

I shall read a passage of Shakespeare every Sunday at ten o'Clock—you read one at the same time, and we shall be as near each other as blind bodies can be in the same room.
—John Keats, letter to George Keats

The suggestiveness of summer!—a word that is so weighted with the fullness of existence—means more to me than any other word in the language, I think.
—Edward Martin Taber, *Stowe Notes*

Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness; we see it in fencers, in players, in poets, in preachers, in all where fame promiseth any thing; so it be new, though never so naught and depraved, they run to it, and are taken.
—Ben Jonson, *Sylva*

Here, more than anywhere else in the world, the daily panorama of human existence—the unending procession of governmental extortions and chicaneries, of commercial brigandages and throat-slittings, of theological buffooneries, of aesthetic ribdalries, or legal swindles and harlotries—is so inordinately extravagant, so perfectly brought up to the highest conceivable amperage, that only the man who was born with a petrified diaphragm can fail to go to bed every night grinning from ear to ear, and awake every morning with the eager, unflagging expectations of a Sunday-school superintendent touring the Paris peep-shows.
—H. L. Mencken, *On Living in the United States*

He who first praises a book becomingly, is next in merit to the author.
—Walter Savage Landor

Women, music, poetry, art, science, and pure speculative philosophy, all requiring lazy days . . . to them all, Lincoln's answer was spoken in the quaint gingerbread story, the Indiana boy blurting out mournfully, "Abe, I don't spose there's anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do—and gets less'n I do."
—Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln*

Quid prodest totius regionis silentium, si adfectus fremunt? Nulla placida est quies, nisi qua ratio composuit.
—Seneca, *Epistles*

The flute is not an instrument which has a good moral effect; it is too exciting. The proper time for using it is when the performance aims not at instruction, but at the relief of the passions.
—Aristotle, *Politics*

Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's words were hurled:
Truth like a bastard comes into the world
Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth.
—Thomas Hardy, *In Gibbon's Old Garden*

"Here," she said as he was turning away from the door of her apartment, "you've got a kiss coming to you. When you live up as far as 168th Street you've got to do at least that much for any fellow that takes you home."

"And say, listen," she added, just before she closed the door, "Next month I'm going to move to 242nd Street."
—Heywod Broun, *The Boy Grew Older*

Permit me a few words respecting *conversation with ladies*. In general association with the fairest ornaments of creation, *agreeability* rather than profundity, should be your aim in the choice of topics. *Playfulness*, *cheerfulness*, *versatility*, and *courtesy* should characterize colloquial intercourse with ladies; but the deference due them should never degenerate into mere servile acquiescence. All slang phrases, everything approaching to *double entendre*, all familiarity of address, are inadmissable.
—*The American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness* (1857)

He was a rationalist, but he had to confess that he liked the ringing of church bells.
—Anton Chekhov, *Notebook*

A man once went up in my esteem under the following circumstances. Speaking of a certain critic, I said that what I objected to in him was that his necktie was always crooked. When I went upstairs before dinner I noticed that my own necktie was conspicuously crooked. My friend had not mentioned the fact, or even hinted at it. He knew that I was bound to discover it for myself. An example of masterly self-control.
—Arnold Bennett, *Things That Have Interested Me*

Man nor king can see unmoved the coming of a wind-filled stall, the coming of a lovely lady, the coming of a horse in speed.
—James Stephens, *In the Land of Youth*

Sabina has a thousand charms
To captivate my heart;
Her lovely eyes are Cupid's arms,
And every look a dart:
But when the beauteous idiot speaks,
She cures me of my pain;
Her tongue the servile fetters breaks
And frees her slave again.
—*Amphion Anglicus*, 1700

Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and Thoughts of things which Thoughts but tenderly touch.
—Sir Thomas Browne, *Christian Morals*

The ideal way to get a Day Off is to edit an anthology.
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, in a statement later edited by Robert Bridges, and issued as a tract of the Society for Pure English, has the following to say:

"Affectation and pedantry are to be found wherever language is spoken; they are not confined to any one local or class variety of speech. The indiscriminate use of *h*, for instance, among some uneducated speakers is a pretension to superiority that may merely amuse us. Such pronunciations as *nevaa*, *faa*, *waaliss*, for *never*, *fire*, *wireless*, will appear an offensive affectation to those who are unacquainted with the class variant of which these pronunciations are so characteristic a feature.

"Perhaps it may help us to view this question of taste in language in its proper setting if we realize that it is the same, in its fundamental principle, all the world over. Even in the primitive communities of Africa there are dialects, and it is often a matter of grave concern, when the language has to be written for the first time, and books have to be printed, which particular dialect shall be chosen. The speakers of all but the chosen one will resist the attempt to force upon them and their children a fashion of speech which is not that of their tribe, of their fathers, of the heroes of their legend.

"Local pride and prejudice in speech, therefore, are not confined to the more civilized communities; it would appear, however, that the higher a community climbs in the social scale, the greater is the degree of uniformity in the speech. Wherever language is spoken, there is present in the minds of the speakers the notion that there is a 'right way' of speaking it, and the larger the community using the given language, the greater the number of 'right ways.' Every district will have its 'right way'—not that the speakers of that district will think of it as a 'right way'; they merely conform to the local way. Every social class will have its 'right way,' so much so that a man's social class will be more evident from the fashion of his speech than from any other fashion he adopts. So it is with English, and since English is, geographically, the most widely spread language in the world, it follows that the problems common to all languages are more acute here than they are elsewhere."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A Poet Needs a Friend

YEAR IN YOU'RE OUT. By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

IF the reviewer didn't shrink before the inevitable guffaw or wise-crack with which its author would greet such a statement, she would say that the feeling Mr. Hoffenstein's book most urgently arouses is that of pity. For it was written by a man of talent and thought, who will not—or cannot—give himself wholly to either side of his nature. One should not demand of any person, much less a poet, that he be consistently grave or gay. One should not demand he be whole. But one laments a lack of wholeness when one discerns that an author's failure of choice or allegiance has lost to us a poet. For this reviewer is going to do for Mr. Hoffenstein what, apparently, he will not do for himself: take him seriously.

It is a great misfortune for Mr. Hoffenstein that he lives in New York. Had he been brought up, for instance, in that far Lithuanian home of his mother, he might well have retained the simplicity of heart (without losing his complexity of thought) that would have kept him a poet. To his detriment he has won the cachet of the Smartaleck Set, and for an epigrammatic mess or potpourri has sold (or, at any rate, pawned) his birthright.

I pass over his obviously lighter pieces. They have a certain dexterity and skill, but their author does not possess enough virtuosity as a light-verse writer to lift him into the first rank of this *genre*. As a parodist, he is awkward and crude, achieving at his best only the blunt buffoonery of burlesque. As an ironist, he has not the detachment of unself-conscious humor that would inform his satires with natural grace. They are heavy-footed, one suspects, because they are heavy-hearted. Conversely, he too often mars his finer effects by ill-timed flippancies. He seems to fear the calm and gradual ascent into poetry, continuously (and incongruously) forcing himself to perform grotesque antics in mid-flight, wise-cracking under the strain.

I wish Mr. Hoffenstein had a friend, preferably male, who would take him into the country for a walk through spring woods. There would follow no vernal interludes, for Mr. Hoffenstein inclines to human rather than bucolic nature. After a few days, when the memory of Broadway and the latest cocktail party had been washed out in May air, his friend would take from his pocket Mr. Hoffenstein's new volume. He would thumb the leaves with an apparent absent-mindedness until he came to page thirty-six. Skipping the word-weighted pseudo-philosophy of the earlier parts, he would read aloud these nine lines that end the poem called "The Stricken":

> We must go
> From room to room and room to room
> And pay especial tithes to Doom,
> Ever, ever in arrears.
> For we have broken and break the law;
> We have opened the lion's jaw
> And pitied the imprisoned years.
>
> His head upon his fumbling paw,
> We have seen the tiger's tears.

He would repeat the last two lines with their Blakean flavor several times, and Mr. Hoffenstein would, I hope, keep silence. Then his friend would read *sotto voce* "Observation," give a half-audible "tut-tut" to the peripatetic journalese that begins "The Last Religion," but would pause and read again its concluding lines with their tangential evocation of The Saviour:

> In the dark field of our despair,
> In the long, perplexed, tormented night,
> Where there is neither road nor light,
> We may hear it moving there,
>
> Dry hoofs on dry grass,
> Among the living and bewildered dead;
> Then hear it braying like an ass
> And be suddenly comforted.

"Sam," he would say, "if you'd left it at that. . . . That's all there is to it, and it's enough." Mr. Hoffenstein (I hope again) would nod with untwisted mouth. His friend would read "Shore," and Mr. Hoffenstein would hardly know whether it was the voice of a friend, the voice of nature, or the voice of his lost God. The friend would read:

> WHEN I WAS LITTLE
> When I was little I used to sit
> In the kitchen by the stove;
> Like candle-shades my thoughts would flit,
> Nor from those four walls ever rove.
>
> Blue and red the tumbled coals
> Made a witches' wood of fire;
> The wind with league-long fingers struck
> Anger from his iron lyre.
>
> Winter huddled like a beast
> Round the house in icy fur,
> As he waited for a feast
> On the first that dared to stir.
>
> Through the window I saw the stars,
> Frozen orphans of the skies,
> Watery with pain of cold,
> As if they were poor human eyes.
>
> And behind, I seemed to see
> God in regnant posture tense,
> Buttoned snugly to His beard
> In His own magnificence.
>
> Lord of all the prophets He,
> To the pious visible,
> Holding Moses on His knee,
> Looking down on Israel.
> . . . . . .
> Silently my mother went
> Through the kitchen by the stove,
> Heaping warm against the dawn
> Little services of love.
>
> Singing half and sighing half,
> What she did I never knew,
> For the served are unaware
> What the servant finds to do.
> . . . . . .
> My mother's heart did weep in mine;
> We were two children in my breast.
> My sorrow took my mother's shape
> And soothed me tenderly to rest.
>
> So by my sorrow comforted,
> Nodding in the candle light,
> I followed it up stairs to bed
> And left my mother to the night.

I hope they would share some common heritage, these two, some heritage that would leave them unashamed of their manly tenderness and responsiveness to this poem, recalling in parts "The Songs of Innocence."

"Here's your trouble," the friend might say. "Here's your trouble in your own words"—

> Dear God, or Allah, Buddha, Christ,
> Osiris, Zeus, or what You will,
> Lord of impenetrable mist
> And (what a range!) the daffodil—
> Let not Your servant (me, of course)
> Who, much as any man, admires
> Your very tiniest *tour de force*,
> Despise so much what he desires!

Such a friend, by quoting Mr. Hoffenstein to himself, might accomplish for him more than all his enthusiastic but uncritical applauders. Mr. Hoffenstein has an unusually large following. I hope he has a friend.

Lincoln in Social History

LINCOLN AND HIS WIFE'S HOME TOWN. By WILLIAM H. TOWNSEND. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by L. E. ROBINSON

MR. TOWNSEND'S new book on Lincoln is in full character with his former monographs on the same subject. By specializing in local studies, as important as restricted in scope, he has succeeded in uncovering letters, records, and social history very illuminating to any competent biographical treatment of Lincoln or of Mrs. Lincoln. His "Lincoln the Defendant," 1923, presented newly discovered evidence that Lincoln was once sued by a Lexington, Kentucky, business house which charged him, as its attorney, with having collected certain funds from its Illinois customers which he had not accounted for. Lincoln, however, vindicated himself with such thoroughness that the plaintiff voluntarily dismissed the suit.

In his second monograph, "Lincoln the Litigant," 1925, Mr. Townsend published letters and certain data which he unearthed among the records of the old Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois to show for the first time that Lincoln the lawyer had brought suit against various persons as a means of collecting debts due him. Special studies of this type have been slowly accumulating in recent years and have usually brought to light new materials and new interpretations of the old, suggesting to future biographers both data and points of view which their predecessors missed. Dr. Barton began his Lincoln publication in this form. Of the same type of restricted study is Edwin L. Page's important "Abraham Lincoln in New Hampshire," 1929, giving to the next biographer the first adequate and well-documented account of the political addresses Lincoln gave on his second visit to New England, 1860, and the probable influence of that visit upon the Republican nomination for the Presidency in the same year.

This latest book by Mr. Townsend is also a revealing study of Lincoln through local history centering at Lexington, where Mrs. Lincoln was brought up in an active political atmosphere, which she absorbed; where Lincoln's political mentor, Henry Clay, lived for more than a half century, and where the Lincolns visited in the home of Robert S. Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's father. For many years Lexington was not only the political center of Kentucky, but the social capital of the state. Here was published the first newspaper west of the Alleghenies, the first legislature in the West had convened here, where, through the efforts of the Rev. John Todd, the first college across the mountains had been established, of which Jefferson Davis was an alumnus. Lincoln, habitually a newspaper reader, from the time of his marriage kept in close touch with Kentucky politics and slavery opinion through the Lexington *Observer & Reporter*, to which he was a regular subscriber.

During the 'forties and 'fifties Lincoln followed Henry Clay's developing anti-slavery views, which Mr. Townsend describes with fidelity. He read *The True American*, a short-lived anti-slavery paper ably edited by Henry Clay's kinsman, Cassius M. Clay, a Yale graduate, who became the Lexington leader of the Kentucky emancipationists. He whittled sticks as he listened thoughtfully to Cassius Clay's impassioned argument at Springfield, Illinois, July, 1854, against the exposure of free territory to slavery through the "Nebraska and Kansas outrage." This was but a few months before his reply to Douglas at Peoria. He wrote to his distinguished friend, Judge George Robertson, of Lexington, to express disappointment that the sweeping victory of the pro-slavery forces in Kentucky for delegates to the State constitutional convention had extinguished "utterly" the hope of gradual emancipation, and to write down for the first time his conception of the present "political problem," whether the nation could continue permanently half slave and half free.

The volume contains a valuable historical account of the conditions under which slavery existed in Lexington during the pre-war period. It reproduces letters exchanged between Lincoln and his wife during Lincoln's term in Congress and throws light upon the visits of the Lincolns in Mrs. Lincoln's home town, where Lincoln read poetry in volumes he found in Mr. Todd's library and checked his favorite passages. These Mr. Townsend reproduces from the volumes now in the possession of Emilie Todd Helm. There is also an important study of the leading political personalities, and their stubborn partisanship, who dominated Kentucky politics from their seat in Lexington, including the two Clays, the two Breckinridges, who were on opposite sides of the slavery issue, the Wickliffes, and the Warfields, men of wealth and political *hauteur*.

No less interesting is Mr. Townsend's opinion that, although "gentle Ann Rutledge, or portly, complacent Mary Owens, or youthful, light-hearted Sarah Rickard" could have given Lincoln "a richer marital bliss, never did a young wife bring to her husband . . . such wealth of first-hand information on a grave, moral, and political subject—such fruits of intimate association with great public men of her day as did Mary Todd to Abraham Lincoln."

Prohibition and Politics

THE INSIDE OF PROHIBITION. By MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929.

TEMPERANCE OR PROHIBITION. New York: The Hearst Temperance Contest Committee. 1929.

Reviewed by HOWARD LEE MCBAIN
Columbia University

IT is an open secret that for her campaign activities in behalf of Mr. Hoover Mrs. Willebrandt hoped to be rewarded by advancement in the Department of Justice, perhaps to the Attorney Generalship, or by appointment to the federal bench. She was disappointed. It is a sorry commentary on the way politics are conducted in this country that while reaping whatever benefit was derived from her speeches the Republican National Committee allowed it to appear that she was a free lance. In point of fact the Committee urged her to do what she did and the Committee's counsel carefully edited every word of her notorious (she calls it "famous") Springfield speech. She says that it seemed to her "good sportsmanship" to keep still at the time and take punishment. It may have been, but it was not clean politics; and her later revelation of the facts, however justified, makes it appear far more likely that ambition rather than sportsmanship dictated her course, as well as that pique dictated the subsequent disclosure.

A good deal can be said to rebut the frequently flung assertion that churches should keep out of politics, especially where politics are concerned with a matter which the churches, whether rightly or wrongly, regard as a moral issue. But Mrs. Willebrandt does not attempt any such defense a this. Instead she denies categorically tha her speeches contained any "exhortation fo churches to 'go into politics'." Well, al that she said in the Springfield speech was "Preach that message," that message being that Mr. Hoover was the only candidate who would enforce prohibition. And again:

> There are two thousand pastors here. You have in your churches more than six hundred thousand members of the Methodist Church in Ohio alone. That is enough to swing the election. The six hundred thousand have friends in other states. Write to them. Every day and every ounce of your energy are needed to rouse the friends of prohibition to register and vote.

In the face of such reprinted utterances one can but look upon her denial as disclosing either stupidity or effrontery—and Mrs. Willebrandt is not stupid.

Her book consists of a collection of syndicated newspaper articles and her campaign speeches. Though called "The Inside of Prohibition" it contains little that was not generally known to those who are informed on the subject. Mrs. Willebrandt says she believes that prohibition can be enforced and that "no great additional sum of money is needed" to that end. She lists a number of items in a proposed improvement program. Yet she frankly admits that "No official in Washington, however,—not even the President,—can adequately enforce the prohibition law . . . throughout the United States, without local coöperation." This admission is, of course, complete refutation of her expressed belief in the possibility of enforcement; for in many communities this indispensable local coöperation is precisely what is and will continue to be lacking.

"Temperance or Prohibition" contains the prize-winning plan of Judge Franklin Chase Hoyt in Mr. Hearst's Temperance vs. Prohibition contest and a potpourri of excerpts from inumerable manuscripts submitted, as well as digests of certain articles, interviews, and expressions of opinion. If one has the patience to wade through a considerable amount of perhaps inevitable drivel one will encounter some passages that are well worth reading and reflection.

The figures of the British and Foreign Bible Society show that "at the present time the Bible is selling more than double the number of copies in the languages of Britain than it sold ten years ago."

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The Biography of Manuel

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

WITH one of those sardonic jests that sprinkle the paths of life, as well as the pages of literature, Mr. James Branch Cabell has chosen to write of beautiful happenings in the midst of what is probably the ugliest civilization ever invented by man. The suavity of his art alone protects him from the concrete monotony of an industrialized South. Beauty, if it survives at all, must flower from within. So he has created a planetary sphere which is entire, balanced, symmetrical, and subject only to the laws that govern dynamic illusion. As far as it is possible for one of the inhabitants of earth, he has withdrawn not only from the world as victorious mediocrity has made it, but from an example of "divine handiwork" that is "not good; or, at any rate, not good enough." Yet even here, in this virgin territory of the mind, he has failed to win release from the processes of decay. Fragments of earth still cling to the allegorical virtues. Like Jurgen's quest of the unholy grail, the exploits of Dom Manuel's progeny reflect the whole tragic story of mortal combat with Fate. It is true that shapes of land and sky and sea, with all the brilliant fauna and flora of this magic kingdom, could exist only in a country that has never known the blight of reality. And it is this external world, not the bloodless but convincingly animated symbols, that makes the sense of escape a part of the bright lustre of Poictesme.

At this point, before turning to the long Biography of romantic man, it may be well to pause and examine more closely the elusive mind and temper of its creator. In the year 1879, midway of the appropriate month of April, James Branch Cabell entered the right "unliterary" circle of Richmond, a charming city, where in a less tender age children had gathered to mock the alien Poe when he passed in the streets. More fortunate than Poe, however, the author of the Biography was born into a family that could be properly accounted for in the annals of gossip. Not only did he arrive at a safe distance from the generally unsound "people who write," but he could rely upon progenitors who were as invulnerable to liberal ideas as other well-established Virginians. Though impoverished by the War between the States, the social order was one in which the art of living was still practiced at a sacrifice of the less honorable arts of pen and brush. Reduced in circumstances but not in spirit, the right circles in Richmond, and indeed all over Virginia, had not forgotten how to enjoy themselves. There was, of course, the necessity to earn one's bread as best one could in a period when all Southerners in good standing were hungry together; but appetites were neither so large nor so fastidious as they have become in a modern plutocracy. It was all, no doubt, charming enough, in spite of frugal diversions.

Yet a society in which one is never alone, however favorable it may be to the soldier or the statesman (who necessarily moves in a crowd and depends upon a correct posture), is seldom hospitable to the philosopher and the creative artist. The grace of privacy, so dear to the strange mind of the thinker, was regarded quite simply and naturally in Virginian circles of the 'seventies and 'eighties as a kind of superior social affront. Never was it visited upon any well-born Southerner except as the last humiliation in a code of poetic justice. In this transitional period, it is true, the old culture was dying, and the new industrialism was only beginning to prepare the ground for its ultimate triumph. Much was lost of the past, but the little that was left contrived to be picturesque; and in Richmond, where the charm of a village still lingered, the little James, peculiar only in his occasional spells of silence, encountered the usual perils of infancy. As he grew up, the world was changing without violence. In his youth, the familiar welcome still awaited one in country houses. The gardens on James River, though untended and fast running to seed, were enchanting places in which to play games or make love. Even in Richmond, where assembled law-makers were already dismantling the scene for democracy, the established social order had not surrendered unconditionally to its Chamber of Commerce.

For the rest, the author of the Biography was not alone among Southern writers when he made his choice between the friendliness of legend and the indifference of a commonwealth in which books were once respected less than conversation and are now respected less than steam whistles. For conversation, which triumphed not only over every other form of art, but even over every vicissitude, has been muffled, if not extinguished, by the roar and clash and whistle of the victorious machine. For ten, perhaps for twenty years, the celebrated tongues of the South have been running down into silence. Even ladies in bombasine, even colonels in Confederate gray, have found their audiences melting to air. Only the bluster of religious or political creeds is able to rise above the noise, the numbers, the bigness of material success. For the democratic South, which has produced by accident, one must believe, the Kingdom of Poictesme, has always been, and is even today, blown about by every wind of doctrine that is loud enough to make sound without sense. Yesterday, we were demolishing evolution in the mask of the devil. Tomorrow, we shall probably be embracing Fundamentalism, in cap and gown, calling itself Humanism, and brandishing a diploma instead of a Bible. And this Humanism, I hasten to explain, will bear as little resemblance to the favorite doctrine of Professor Irving Babbitt as the demon of monkey descent bears to the Darwinian hypothesis. For the combined learing of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Foerster is powerless to hold back the most dignified word from the scrap-heap after it has once started down the interminable slope of popularity.

* * *

But if this is the scene of action from which Mr. Cabell escaped, it is evident that his revolt is not confined to any particular place. "Art," he tells us, "is a criticism of life only in the sense that prison-breaking is a criticism of the penitentiary." He has, indeed, no kinship with those superficial thinkers who imagine that an age or country, and not the intrinsic scheme of life, is at fault. If he is detached, it is from modern Virginia only as a part of the "divine handiwork" which he has judged as an artist, and as an artist has pronounced "not good enough." An immeasurable distance lies between him and those elegiac Southerners who are sighing, beneath the very wheels of the machine, for the lost freedom of slavery. No, as he would be the first to admit, freedom for the artist, as for the moralist, has never existed; every age has been ready to kill or die in defense of its own favorite evils; and a telegraph pole in the landscape may be a fair exchange for a gibbet. For the flaw lies not in any personal predicament, but is bound up with the lot of man and his deepening sense of universal futility. He does not find, indeed,

> the comedy ever to be much altered in essentials. The first act is the imagining of the place where contentment exists and may be come to; and the second act reveals the striving toward, and the third act the falling short of, that shining goal, or else (the difference being negligible) the attaining of it to discover that happiness, after all, abides a thought farther down the bogged, rocky, clogged, befogged, heart-breaking road, if anywhere. That is the comedy which, to my finding, as well as to the finding of Felix Kennaston, the life of Manuel has enacted over and over again on every stage between Poictesme and Lichfield.

It is interesting but vain to speculate if the bitter-sweet fruit of Mr. Cabell's philosophy could have sprung from a soil more congenial to art. At fifty he refuses to break either his head or his heart against injustice that is adamantine and may be eternal. But it must not be forgotten that he began life, as his youthful books bear witness, very much of a sentimental romantic. As I remember him in boyhood, he appeared shy, reserved, over-sensitive, with a face of tempered melancholy, and the manners of the Victorian age. It is possible that his detachment may spring from an inherent disdain of popularity. On the contrary, all his later remoteness from democracy may prove merely that, like Gibbon in the midst of the French Revolution, he had arrived at the early conclusion that he is "the sort of person a populace kills." For, as Bagehot remarks so pointedly in this connection, whenever the populace kills a man or a book it is for the sin of being superior.

And from any point of view, it must be acknowledged that the Biography sins in being superior. Here, at last, in true chronological order, and in a stout array of distinguished volumes, we have the Life of Dom Manuel the Redeemer, which is also the Life of Man the Romantic, "that alone of animals," asserts Mr. Cabell, in a generalization from which I am inclined to dissent, "plays the ape to his dreams." Beginning with the prologue "Beyond Life," the Biography sweeps down from "Figures of Earth" and "The Silver Stallion" to "Domnei: A Comedy of Woman Worship" and "Chivalry: Dizain Des Reines." Rising again with "Jurgen: A Comedy of Justice," and "The High Place," it descends anew, through several centuries, to "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" and the town of Lichfield, Virginia. If the design of the work is tremendous, the texture is as close and the detail as intricate as if the scene were woven in tapestry.

> Meanwhile the Biography has become a completed and individual book—a fairly longish book, in twenty parts, and a book which deals with the life of Manuel as that life has been perpetuated through some twenty-three generations. For that life always is my protagonist. Time, as I have said, has altered this protagonist unceasingly and subtly, but only as time alters any other life. Fundamentally my protagonist does not change in any one of my eighteen volumes; but remains, instead, under all temporal garbs and all surface stainings, very much the same blundering male ape, reft of his tail and grown rusty at climbing, forever aspiring and yet forever cautious, forever hungering for companionship and for comprehension and for sympathy, and yet, none the less, retaining forever inviolate that frigid, and pale, and hard, small core of selfishness which, as you may recall, Queen Freydis very long ago discovered—at the cost of heartbreak—to be the heart of Manuel. . . . Yes; I am afraid that, at bottom, under every permissible human grace and large human gesture, and under each of my three human attitudes, that obscure slight heart-trouble has been perpetuated in every one of the descendants of Manuel as ineradicably as it yet endures in all the race of Adam.
>
> Meanwhile the Biography has become a completed and individual book. Its major theme I take to be the theme and the truly democratic doctrine of our own world's Author, that the average of one human life should not, or at least does not, differ appreciably from the average of any other human life. . . .

THIS, in its final summing up, is the purpose of the "Biography of Manuel." Yet the author tells us that not until he was well into the stories in "The Line of Love" did he receive an apocalyptic vision of the eternal recurrence. In this everlasting cycle, as Horvendile watches it through twenty-three generations, only the fashion of dress and the cut of hair and beard alter with the changing epochs of history. The characters and the events repeat themselves with a changeless rythm and pause. If the underlying pattern is there, it appears only as the logical result of irresistible laws working together. More in the character of the God of evolution than the God of Genesis, the creator of Poictesme has, apparently, started his design on its way and left it to prove what it would.

And yet the wonder remains that so courageous an interpretation of life should contain so frugal a measure of human passion. It may be that I have over-estimated the importance of the esthetic sense in Mr. Cabell's cosmogony; and certainly romantic love is scarcely more at home in Poictesme than it is in our own moral Republic. In both countries, the beauty and the desire that "offend against the notions of thy neighbor" are equally frowned upon. There is reason, indeed, to believe that in Poictesme, as in Lichfield, the Goddess of decorum, though continually defied, is still generally worshiped. But

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by Ellen Glasgow

there is no spot in the Biography where we can find, even after the most painstaking search, either the passion of revolt or the more familiar passion of love. Fidelity, when it is the unprofitable, and often inconvenient, fidelity of women, is treated simply as another marsh-fire of romance; and the spectator of the endless conflict appears to be as indifferent to the pangs of thwarted desire as he is to those major cruelties which have failed so conspicuously to justify the ways of God to man. All the natural injustice which has made the universe a torture chamber to the few artists who are completely sensitive to the world's pain provokes from him merely the comment that his "admiration for the laws of nature has always been remarkably temperate" and that "for the laws of society" he has "never had any patience whatever." If cruelty resides at the heart of being, then the sensible man, as artist or citizen, will discreetly turn away his eyes from the heart to the head. For the truth is that his interest in emotion is even more temperate than his admiration for what we have agreed to call the solid substance of matter. He is, in all essentials, a citizen not of the actuality, but of the clearer world of ideas. And who is able to prove that a fact is more real than an idea? Is a clod of earth or even a spasm of heart-break more real than the image of it we form in our mind? Here, as elsewhere, it would seem that one philosopher's guess is as good as another.

SINCE the "Biography of Manuel" does not, as the author explicity asserts, attempt to deal fairly, except perhaps in a Jurgenian sense, with the nature of woman, the protagonist of the drama remains always that first Puritan, a blundering male ape, reft of his tail and embarrassed because he has not yet adjusted his fig-leaf. For romantic man, even so far back as our arboreal propositus, was more of a Puritan at heart than a lover. If he has revolted, through the better part of twenty-three generations and on innumerable reams of paper, from the severe Goddess of Decorum, it is because he still worships her under strange names and in strange fashions of heresy. Man, even romantic man, does not spend his time or waste his paper defying a divinity in which he has ceased to believe. No honest atheist ever found a thrill in mocking either Jupiter or Jehovah. Even the most impudent small boy feels little interest in thrusting out his tongue when there is nobody to shock. It is doubtful, indeed, if any novelist since Henry James has surpassed Mr. Cabell's emphatic if unwilling homage to the moral sense of mankind. After the casual habit of historians, we are disposed to confine the Puritan conscience within geographical boundaries, and to ignore the fact that, abetted by Scotch-Irish Calvinism, the Puritan influence has conquered, almost without resistance, the once Cavalier South. But, conforming to the truth of experience, as well as to most of the books written by men, Mr. Cabell has endowed each and all of his male characters, even the gayest rakes among them, with an indestructible capacity to be shocked by the loss of prudery in woman. Clasping in his arms the beloved of his youth, Dorothy la Désirée, Jurgen discovers that she has mislaid the domestic virtues somewhere in the garden between dawn and sunrise, and he earnestly advises her to adopt a proper frame of mind toward her husband. "Jurgen drew away from her," writes Mr. Cabell, in a passage which contains even more than the average wholesome moral tone of American novelists, "with a shiver of loathing, and he closed his eyes to shut away that sensual face."

It is true that Jurgen speaks, though reluctantly, of his "one real passion," but it would seem that the distinction between romantic passion and romantic appetite is that romantic passion cannot be annihilated by the act of fulfilment. And it is this insistence upon appetite in place of passion that lends an air of unreality to all these fragile shapes of women, as if they were outlines seen dimly through a luminous rain. Lovely as they are, they remain always inventions of desire rather than creatures of time. There is not sufficient weight in their combined bodies and emotions to hold them to earth. Even Helen is Helen and immortal only until she is touched. In "Domnei," it is true, woman-worship is the unfaltering theme of the tale, which is woven of the texture of phantasy. Love is triumphant, but the lovers melt into spirals of iridescent illusion. Perion the lover has none of the solid substance of Manuel the Redeemer or of Jurgen the pawnbroker. One surmises that Perion, for all his hazardous service of love, is merely worshiping the unattainable under the name of Melicent, and that long desire in romantic man leads inevitably to the embraces of Meloir. For Meloir is the symbol of use and wont, and she was designed by Koshchei the Deathless, who made things as they are.

Just here is the place, I think, where one will pause either to assent or deny, in obedience to one's confirmed habit of mind. It may be true that mortal life is so futile; but we are moved occasionally to question if love is really so frail? Is the power that has combatted death and robbed the grave of its victim nothing more than a physical hunger? One must be logical, insists Mr. Cabell, and answers according to reason. Yet some fragile thread of hope, he assures us, is not denied the believer. Anything, he admits, even immortality, may be possible for the descendants of that "insane fish, who somehow evolved the idea that it was his duty to live on land, and eventually succeeded in doing it. So, now that his earth-treading progeny manifest the same illogical aspiration toward heaven, their bankruptcy in common-sense may, even by material standards, have much the same incredible result." Meanwhile, as fugitive desire creates and destroys, both fish and man, to borrow Nietzsche's aphorism, shall be surpassed. Or, as Mr. Cabell regards the tragic predicament, "man as he now exists can hardly be the finished product of any Creator whom one would very heartily revere. We are being made into something quite unpredictable, I imagine; and we are sustained, through the purging and the smelting, by an instinctive knowledge that we are being made into something better." And in the making, though love and the finer sentiment of pity are both absent from that "hard small core of selfishness" which is the heart of Manuel, there are moments in the Biography when even the vulgar little soul of Jurgen, son of Coth, is stirred by a ripple of tenderness. For Jurgen "avoided that part of Heaven wherein were his grandmother's illusions; and this was counted for righteousness in Jurgen. That part of Heaven smelt of mignonette, and a starling was singing there."

Though speculations concerning the work of a living writer are usually extravagant, there is little hazard in the repeated assertion that Mr. Cabell is already a classic. Barring an invasion by a reincarnated Caliph Omar or a roving band of Christian converts, his books will probably survive many changing fashions in literature. In periods like the one we are evidently approaching, when the distinction between good and bad writing is safely obliterated, his fame will suffer, no doubt, a partial eclipse. But this also will pass. Styles in philosophy and letters will change again, in spite of the faculty criticism possesses for believing in the immortal rightness of its own futile pronouncements. The rhythm of his prose which clothes so perfectly the rhythm of his theme will become with age an infallible preservative from the taint of decay. Even amid this speeding modern world, in which the life of a book appears scarcely less ephemeral than the life of a May-fly, it would seem that the "Biography of Manuel" is composed of the nature of things that time does not kill. For Mr. Cabell has achieved the detachment of those courageous thinkers who refuse to flatter and dare to examine our destiny. In this act of courage which, like a clean wind, purges the mind of intolerance and superstition, there is always a beneficent spirit; and this is especially true when the beneficence is disguised in the brightness of an irony which, of all civilized attributes, men find it hardest to understand and forgive. A world that has been governed by fear since it was capable of being governed at all dreads nothing else so much as to behold that awful power dissolve beneath the searching light of ridicule. Yet in this refusal to acknowledge the supremacy of fear, the creator of Manuel has reached the peak of his philosophy. Almost alone among American writers he has dared to look into the encompassing void and to laugh because it is bottomless.

Ellen Glasgow, author of the foregoing article, needs no introduction to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW. *One of the leading novelists of the country, she is the author of numerous books distinguished alike for their wit, their penetration, and their nice portrayal of human conduct. A descendant of the old South, she is one of the most able chroniclers of the South of the present, having stood in the van of those writers who recognized the new day that had come to their section of America. Among her novels the most recent are "The Romantic Comedians" and "They Stooped to Folly." Her publishers, Doubleday, Doran Co., have recently issued her works in a complete edition. The Storis-ende Edition of the works of James Branch Cabell has recently been issued by McBride.*

Le Pauvre Vatel

By KENNETH MURDOCK

AT Chantilly the jonquils bloom
(I visit there by book),
The yellow jonquils in the gloom
Of every forest nook
Light all outdoors as Louis Quatorze
Rides hunting in the park.
Ah! You should be at Chantilly
To meet le grand monarque.

Beneath the trees the feast is laid
(I'm there by page and line)
And all the court in gold brocade
Among the jonquils dine.
But Chef Vatel's in pains of hell—
His agonies appall,
For there is roast, enough for most,
But not enough for all.

No roast at table twenty-five!
(Myself I feel the shame)
Tomorrow's fish if it arrive
Must save a chef's good name,
Ten loads at least to set a feast
Where bees in jonquils hum.
They hear him cry he longs to die
If fish should fail to come.

The chef, Vatel, must toss all night
(By print I know the way)
While jonquils stand in pale moonlight.
He frets till break of day
When at the door he finds no more
Than just a single cart.
Now only the sword can peace afford,
He thrusts it to his heart.

In all the house they seek Vatel,
(I, too, race up the stair)
We force the lock, we must dispel
His mood of black despair:
Beneath his room where jonquils bloom
Along the roads are led
Great drays of fish as he could wish,—
But Chef Vatel is dead.

At Chantilly they tell the king
(I, also, bear the news).
Up to our knees where everything
Is wet with jonquil dews
We shock the court with such report
As holds them dumb and deaf,
And in the daze they pause to praise
The honor of a chef.

At Chantilly the noble guests
(By published word I'm one)
Still rouse the wood with echoed jests
Where jonquils bloom in sun,
And all goes well without Vatel,—
There's hunting in the park
And all the court rides out in sport
Behind le grand monarque.

At Chantilly the jonquils bloom
(By letter I am there)
With golden sun and sweet perfume
Of jonquils in the air
When Louis Quatorze rides out of doors
For hunting in the park—
O heaven to be at Chantilly
And with le grand monarque!

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME years ago, when we first encountered the work of Roy Campbell, through reading "The Flaming Terrapin," we were aware of a new portent. Not since our introduction to the poetry of Francis Thompson had we met with such daring imagery, such headlong imagination.

The Flaming Terrapin that towed the Ark
Rears up his hump of thunder on the dark,
And like a mountain, seamed with rocky scars,
Tufted with forests, barnacled with stars,
Crinkles white rings, as from its ancient sleep
Into a foam of life he wakes the Deep.

And a little later on in that particular passage, chosen entirely at random, the Terrapin is spoken of as hurling

Lassoes of dismal smoke around the world,
And like a bunch of crisp and crackling straws,
Coughed the sharp lightning from his craggy jaws.

Which is merely a small sample of the vigorous, wild metaphor of this South African poet.

Four years after the American publication of "The Flaming Terrapin,"—that is, in 1928,—"The Wayzgoose," a South African satire, appeared. The poet declared

. . . I sail on Satire's wings
Satire, who dares to box the ears of kings,
And comes to statesmen as to roguish boys
To snatch from them their baubles and their toys.

The significance of the title of the poem is found in a "Remark" at the bottom of the first page. It says in part: "The Wayzgoose: This phenomenon occurs annually in South Africa. It appears to be a vast corroboree of journalists, and to judge from their own reports of it, it combines the functions of a bun-fight, an Eisteddfod, and an Olympic contest." However, the Wayzgoose that Mr. Campbell imagines, is attended by far more than those who celebrate the annual function. Those he pillories are all the would-be poets, novelists, philosophers, etc., of South Africa. Again he chooses the couplets that we are wont to associate with Pope as he did in much of "The Flaming Terrapin." But his lines are of much more impetuosity, rougher in grain. Nor are they ever varied as Pope varied his in his various explanations of poetical numbers; nor, naturally, has Campbell the command of apothegm and epigram which was superlative in the eighteenth-century genius. Nor the striking antithesis. But his muscular use of a familiar measure, though at times descending almost to slapstick, employs mighty similes. As:

Was this, ye gods, the dainty Whistler's foil
When he from Ruskin let a tun of oil
And like a swordfish round a whale astreak
Deep through the yielding blubber shot his beak?
Was this the huge harpoon that Marvell bore
To fish the corpse of Holland to the shore?
Was this the boomerang that Dryden threw
To crumple Flecknoe as I crumple you?

The defect of this book, from our point of view, is that the types and individuals assailed are so peculiarly local that the force of many of the thrusts is lost upon the American reader. Apparently South Africa spawns a number of inept and tedious writers, as do some parts of our own country. Campbell, being a true poet, virile and independent, is disgusted by the jibber-jabber of coteries, the fog of ladylike literary amenities. At the end of "The Wayzgoose" a true poet is made to burst naked (he is going for a bath) upon the vapid journalistic picnic

And like a flambeau flared his ginger beard,
A Tarzan on the fringes of the wood.

Naturally enough, he breaks up the meeting.

This book bristles with scorn. Not having suffered ourselves from the conditions governing literature and the press in South Africa we cannot tell how far Mr. Campbell is justified in the extent of his disgust. But the phenomenon is age-old, when a poet of stature arises in a land fairly barren of genius. He is bound to commit what are considered atrocities, with the established forms and rules of verse, with the manner of writing that is regarded as genteel. At any rate, England and Ireland have not been backward in recognizing the power of the South African. "Æ" has said that no poet he has read in years has excited him to more speculation about his future. Elsewhere it has been averred that "beyond a little economy in adjectives Mr. Campbell has nothing more to learn of poetic technique," and his "powers of savage vision and phrase-making" have been highly praised.

In Campbell's third book, "Adamastor," just published in England by Faber & Faber, we have a collection of shorter poems in a variety of metres. And almost immediately we come upon his "Mazeppa," a superb and fiery allegory of the Poet, the first two pages of which are as vivid and intense descriptions as we have read in a long while. In "The Albatross" we encounter again the same wild imagery that made "The Flaming Terrapin" so memorable. We even encounter certain echoes; as, compare

Beside the keel he saw the gray sharks move,
And the long lines of fire their fins would groove
Seemed each a ghost that followed in its sleep
Those long phantasmal coffins of the deep;
And in that death-light, as the long swell rolled,
The tarpon was a thunderbolt of gold.
—*The Flaming Terrapin*

with

Towering far up amid the red star-sockets,
I saw deep down, in vast flotillas shoaled,
The phosphorescent whales, like bursting rockets,
Bore through the gloom their long ravines of gold.
—*The Albatross*

But when we turn to "The Palm" we find a poem of far more intricate rhythm that, strangely enough, suggests both Edgar Allan Poe and certain Irish poets. Campbell elsewhere celebrates a pet cobra and scourges the mass of humanity in "A Song for the People." In the cobra poem he declares,

I, too, can hiss the hair of men erect,
Because my lips are venemous with truth.

He ise quite frankly the rebel, the iconoclast, the outlier. It is "The Zulu Girl," the darkly primitive symbol of the fecund earth, that engages his taciturn sympathy. He celebrates Speed, the most modern of themes, in "The Festivals of Flight," and, at the conclusion of "St. Peter of the Three Canals," cries in most modern fashion to the Saint

When the black mistral roars avenging
Increase the horse-power of my engine,
Hallow my petrol ere I go!

But the fury of his inspiration is stilled and muted in one particular poem, the shortest, save for the "Satirical Fragments," in the volume. We present it complete, without comment.

BUFFEL'S KOP
(Olive Schreiner's Grave)
In after times when strength or courage fail,
May I recall this lonely hour: the gloom
Moving one way; all heaven in the pale
Roaring; and high above the insulted tomb
An eagle anchored on full spread of sail
That from its wings let fall a silver plume.

His latest book again asserts his vehement originality. It is uneven, but its best things are gorgeous. We should like to see Campbell embark again upon a long poem. He still impresses us with his sinew and his staying quality. Whether he may develop into a truly major poet it is still too early to say, but his equipment as to language is astonishing. He can build legend with intense visualization and convey the intoxication of his vision. Were he American he would be singing from our West or Southwest, and finding fabulous material to his hand. As it is, he has brought the invigorating atmosphere of the wild into the pasture of English metres. Varying traditional forms, he has filled them with new fire of life. He is of the Prometheans.

Mr. Benét's Round about Parnassus will appear again regularly in *The Saturday Review*.

~ *LONG POEM* ~

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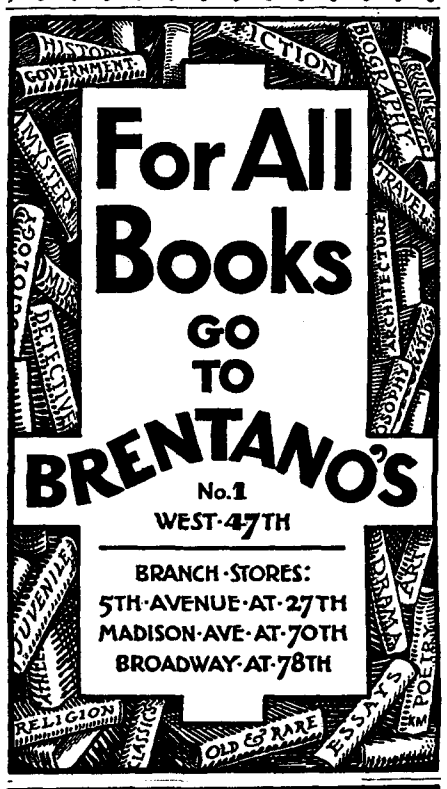

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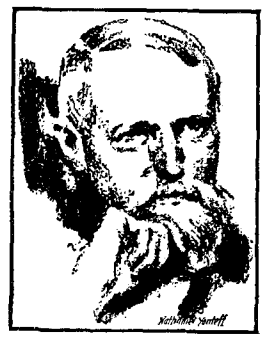

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Foreign Literature

The Russian Riddle

DAS EXPERIMENT DES BOLSHEVISMUS. By ARTHUR FEILER. Frankfurt am Main: Frankfurter Sozietäts-Druckerei. 1929.

Reviewed by OSCAR JAŞZI
Oberlin College

THE ideological repercussion of the Russian Revolution throughout the world in the minds of the intellectuals will constitute a dark chapter in the history of human thought because it shows how small the degree of intellectual honesty and moral resistance is among the so-called spiritual leaders. This unbalanced attitude of the intellectuals, however, toward great social catastrophes is nothing new. There were analogous misrepresentations of the American and the French Revolutions, and a man of the importance and the acumen of Edmund Burke was hopelessly unable to do justice to the greatest social upheaval of Western Europe. Exactly the same thing happened in the Russian Revolution. We are almost sick of those interpreters who having not the slighest amount of economic knowledge, and not speaking a single word of Russian, describe after a six weeks' trip, in a glorifying or vituperative manner, the experiences of a hundred and fifty million people.

Among the few honorable exceptions to this rule the work of Mr. Feiler is one of the most outstanding. Though he was only an occasional traveller in Russia (and I do not know whether he speaks Russian) he has two distinct advantages over most of the commentators on the Russian situation. The one is that as an editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* he has a thorough-going knowledge of the economic system attacked by the Bolsheviks; the other that through studying the German settlements of Russia he came into immediate contact with masses of workmen and peasants far from the official guides and propagandists. Besides this, the capitalistic system is not taboo for him, but he clearly sees its enormous shortcoming and injustices. Mr. Feiler, in the picture which he gives of the new Russia, does not commit himself to any final judgment. What he quite clearly sees is the fact that the present Russian system is neither a Socialism nor a Communism of the Marxian pattern, but a type of state capitalism, however, with the exclusion of the private capitalist. Of course this exclusion is not a complete one, and the author demonstrates with great force the private capitalistic elements of the Russian economy. He is also perfectly aware that this system could not work a single week without the tremendous military and police force of the state.

This entirely absolutistic power is maintained in the interest of a small minority of industrial workers and revolutionary intellectuals who constitute neither a class nor a party in the strict sense of the word, but rather an order of a medieval pattern, a kind of a new *ecclesia militans*, governed by the vows of poverty and unconditional obedience. After the almost complete extirpation of the bourgeois classes, this new aristocracy has carried on a desperate struggle against the overwhelming majority of passive peasants in order to industrialize the country as rapidly as possible, and to emancipate a sufficient part of agricultural production from the peasants with a view toward feeding the Red Army and the cities. If they fail to do this their domination cannot last long. A prosperous peasantry must inevitably lead toward the formation of a new capitalistic class. Therefore the chief Bolshevik aim is to remould an independent peasantry into the category of industrial wage earners dependent exclusively on the state. The dangers of this situation are very great because, as Mr. Feiler shows abundantly, even after a *complete* realization of the ambitious Five Years Plan (which he thinks highly improbable) the ratio between the agricultural and the industrial population will remain practically the same. The dormant peasant giant will continue to menace the dreams of the Bolsheviks.

Mr. Feiler has much admiration for the energy, enthusiasm, and almost religious zeal which animates the new aristocracy. He thinks that their successes and achievements are great and remarkable. Nevertheless, the advantages from the point of view of the individual worker in regard to the most elementary necessities of life are very meagre, so meagre that no one of a western type could endure them. On the other hand the club houses for the workers are so luxurious that compared with them the houses of the German trade unions appear as slums to him. At the same time the general moral atmosphere under the continuous pressure of the secret service is so tense that even the strongest men break under it very often. In spite of the dark sides of the picture, Mr. Feiler regards the change brought on by the Bolshevik system as enormous. Enormous not in the materialistic field but in the moral and intellectual elevation of the proletariat. These spiritual achievements of the Bolshevik experiment are so powerful that Mr. Feiler regards the Western type of European culture as seriously menaced unless it elaborates a freer and more successful type of social emancipation.

Memories of a Prison Camp

DIE WEISSE STRASSE. By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE. Berlin: Klinkhardt & Biermann. 1929.

Reviewed by WALTER KIEN
New York University

THE name of Meier-Graefe has become well known even on this side of the ocean. His fame is based on "History of Modern Art," and his book on Delacroix, Corot, and Courbet, Cézanne, Manet, Renoir, Van Gogh, and on Dostoievski. Best known, however, is one of his earliest works, the "Spanish Journey." Meier-Graefe is distinguished for his psychological gift of tracing the origin of a style from its root in the individual to any detail of technical execution. What is more, he is one of the few who understand the sociological significance of a style, which brings him into contact with every aspect of the human illusion. Still, there are few scholars more free from either pomposity or dogmatism. The absence of these two prerequisites of academic fame may in itself contain the promise of a certain human greatness; to prove it, one would needs have to see the man in one of those situations in which all acquired incidentals count for naught. In the face of a catastrophe it is personality more than anything else which counts.

Meier-Graefe literally awoke one morning to find himself a prisoner in the heart of Asia, helpless in the midst of a hostile nation shaken by the pangs of war. Serving as a Red Cross officer in the German army, Meier-Graefe and his chauffeur were captured by the Russians, when they approached the enemy lines to rescue the wounded. As a non-combatant, he hoped to be sent back soon; for a while he looked about him with the curiosity of a casual visitor. When he learned, after having been despatched further and further along the endless "White Road" into the interior, what his ultimate destination was, he found himself face to face with that vague conception of horror—the Siberia of the Russian people.

In the prison camp, amid the malarious fogs of Udinsk, he found leisure to scrutinize his former life, the life of a European and cosmopolitan. Its events passed before him kaleidoscopically, accompanied by his effort to recall the face of the one woman he loved. Days in Paris, in Germany, in Spain—side by side with his days in Siberian barracks: he reaped the full benefit of his extraordinary fate. When, finally, his exchange was brought about, he at first refused to leave. Forced to comply, he felt like a traitor to his comrades and his conviction.

Although "Die Weisse Strasse" serves in the main to convey a spiritual experience, it is equally significant as a presentation of types and situations. Devoid alike of pathos and sentimentality, it is enlivened by a strong sense for the comical, and by its author's virtuosity in characterizing the vast array of men of every nationality and position, who play and quarrel, discuss and scheme, build castles in the air and stoves for cooking meals. Published shortly after his return from Russia, the book was never heard of in the vortex of the German revolution. The present edition is the first to reach the general public.

A correspondent of the London *Observer* writes: "Two more efforts towards a world language are announced. Professor Jespersen, of Copenhagen, has invented a new variety called "Novial," and Professor R. J. Zachrisson, holding the chair of English language and literature at Upsala, has now broadcast his own ideas of a new international language over the Swedish radio. While other inventors combine word stems from the Latin and the Teutonic languages into an artificial mixture, easily learnt in a couple of hours, the Swedish philologist has rationalized the English language to such an extent that it can be acquired in a few days.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

PEACE IN THE HEART. By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Those who follow Archibald Rutledge will know what to expect in this book and will not be disappointed. In spite of an overcharge of sentiment and an incorrigible desire to moralize, Mr. Rutledge succeeds in distilling both the peace and the subdued excitement of nature into his prose. He writes from a loving memory of the languorous, melancholy low country of the Carolinas, his descriptions and narratives have the umbilical relationships to the soil that our generation of wandering Americans have largely lost in their literature as well as in their lives. The deer and the wild turkeys owe him thanks, for no one has written of them so well as he.

Fiction

DESTINY. By OTTO NÜCKEL. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $3.

While the idea of telling a story in pictures rather than words is by no means new, —the Stone Age had its pictured narratives, —it seems to have undergone a revival and an extension of vogue recently, perhaps as a result of the rise of the motion picture, which is the same thing carried to new heights of perfection by mechanical means. Masereel, and in America Lynd Ward, have been the best known of those artists who have carried on this tradition in a non-photographic way during the past few years. Meanwhile Herr Nückel's sad story of a German maiden of the lower classes who is betrayed, wronged, and otherwise abused in about every possible way, has been gaining popularity in Europe, and is now introduced here. It is a very German book, filled with a kind of heavy luridness bordering frequently on the absurd, but the novelty of form and medium carry the thing off.

Herr Nückel uses lead cuts to the number of some 130 to tell his tale, and it is perhaps the best tribute to his sense of style and invention to say that they do not seem too many or too monotonous in spite of the limitations of the scenario. Whatever the future for books of this sort, it must be admitted that in this case an effective use of the material provided has been made. But the double task of the author in this type of work renders more than doubtful any great number of successors to Herr Nückel's "Destiny." The original captions for this moving picture on paper have been translated from the German, incidentally, but they form a singularly unimportant part of the whole, and those who do not care much for even the perfected talking pictures may find some solace in this book, where not even the orchestra is present to interfere with the smooth progress of the plot.

BERRINGTON, OR, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By SIR EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. Morrow. 1930. $2.50.

This is an unimportant novel of low life in the eighteenth century. Young Nic Berrington, the central figure, is adopted by the great Jonathan Wild; Wild, however, is executed before the narrative has any more than got under way, and Berrington is left to shift for himself. His adventures with the law and with women fill the book. As a story, the novel is weak, for it slides downhill badly after a promising start. In fact, after the first hundred pages we have difficulty in keeping our nose to the task of reading. But the local color is always believable, and young Nic is a character of considerable charm. Aside from Jonathan Wild, the only figure of any historical authenticity is James Quin, the Irish actor, who appears briefly during a few chapters. "Berrington" is honest and painstaking, but ineffective.

BRIGHT TIGER. By ALICE GLASGOW. Dial. 1930. $2.50.

Considered as narrative, Miss Glasgow's novel is unimpressive. It is little more than the story of a young man's rise to political power in the New York of the 1860's. This young man, Stanton Plumer, the illegitimate son of a wealthy citizen, is a shallow opportunist. At the end of the novel we see his marriage, and our only feeling is pity for his wife. Throughout, Miss Glasgow seems to be fond of melodramatic situations; there is seldom quiet or restraint. The clinical atmosphere attendant on Alida Wyatt's death following a haphazard abortion is fully as coarse as the average reader's taste will permit. We sense continually an unpleasant bias towards sensationalism.

Events of considerable interest are involved with the narrative, however. Miss Glasgow's New York of fifty-odd years ago is racy and picturesque. Tweed and the "bright tiger" of Tammany come to life; the draft riots of '63 show the city with the mob in control; the "Black Friday" stock market panic of '69, when Gould and Fisk tried to corner gold for the benefit of Erie, carries into its ruins most of the characters in the novel. Miss Glasgow has considerable success in coördinating these lurid events with her narrative. She is apparently most at home where violence and villainy are rampant. A few softer moments would have improved her novel immensely.

THE OBELISK. By WILLIAM ROLLINS, JR. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

This is a study of the decay of a romantic. We follow Lewis Raey from his first year at school until he is, say, twenty-five; these years show that he is fundamentally undistinguished and unsound. At the end of the book all his fine notions have collapsed, and he is nothing more than a unit of the population. Does Mr. Rollins intend this collapse to be a lesson in cynicism—or, rather, a hint of his own pessimism? We suspect the latter purpose; that is, he suggests that romantic dreams are born merely for a sure atrophy, that high, nebulous purposes are merely destined to crumble. Lewis Raey is a good example of our vaguely romantic young men—a flimsy meteor.

Mr. Rollins favors the Joycean technique (a superficially confused narrative of mental action), but he is not always able to use the method to advantage. Sometimes he is hardly more than grotesque, as in the restaurant episode, pages 207-221; but usually he portrays Lewis Raey's adolescent confusion with a fair degree of convincingness. The suspicion often comes to us (Mr. Rollins should have guarded against it) that this Lewis Raey is hardly worth writing about; the reason for this suspicion is that Mr. Rollins has little sympathy or pity for his protagonist, and so naturally we have little ourselves. One of the most tricky pitfalls for a novelist is the creation of a central character that merely antagonizes the reader.

Parenthetically, we must protest against the utter fatuousness of the girl's diary. Mr. Rollins must have been temporarily deranged when he concocted it.

There is a good deal of Boston and Cambridge in the novel, much local color both interesting and sound. Perhaps the high spot for a Bostonian will be the description of the famous police strike of some ten years ago. Mr. Rollins gives us an impressionistic but accurate notion of that frantic night.

THE MAN CALLED EIGHTY-EIGHTY. By ROY W. HINDS. McBride. 1930. $2.50.

This first-person narrative of prison and criminal life gives the impression of being a record of facts thinly disguised as fiction. It is unlikely that Roy W. Hinds could have written so carefully detailed an account of prison routine and of prison characters unless he had had a good deal of first-hand information. He tells us at considerable length about the minutiæ of prison life, and in the later pages we learn the approved method of robbing small-town banks. In general, the material is familiar and a bit tiresome, though isolated passages are worth reading.

The narrator is represented as an ordinary youth; soon after entering prison under a five-year sentence for bank embezzlement, he escapes in company with several other convicts, but he is soon captured. After serving his sentence, he joins a gang that specializes in cracking the safes of rural banks, usually within a couple of hundred miles of New York. Finally he is caught, and we leave him at the beginning of his new sentence, this time one of twenty years.

Although the tone is superficially matter-of-fact and straightforward, the book is fundamentally sentimental and romantic. The narrator dramatizes his conduct and is offensively self-righteous; he, too, easily fancies himself the victim of circumstances. His smugness is a strange quality in a convict! The most unconvincing part of the story is the love interest, which suddenly

(*Continued on page* 1115)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

G. B., New York, says, "Many years ago in high school mathematics was my sore point, and though I have since enjoyed good private instruction in this subject I am still unable to master it. Will you give me a list of books that will humanize high school mathematics for me, for self-instruction?"

I AM informed on competent authority that if any book will do it it can be done by the help of "Fundamentals of High School Mathematics," by Professors Rugg and Clark (World Book Co.). Also I have just received a "Progressive Business Arithmetic," by Professor W. L. Schaaf (Heath), and have been going over it to admire the adaptation of the course to the conditions of present-day business. It addresses the pupil in his own language, cuts down complexities for a ninth-grade student, and, while not especially for self-instruction, can be easily taught.

The authority consulted said, as above, "if it can be done at all." But what I want to know is, why should it be? Why mess up a middle-aged mind with mathematics? Everything about this writer's letter shows that he is doing well without them. Some knowledge is more liability than asset—like knowing how to run the furnace. A firm stand taken when young on being taught to knit, saved our soldier-boys in 1917 from being impeded by any of my socks. Perhaps I thus helped to win the war. I cannot learn to play contract, I cannot learn to like to smoke—but do I therefore repine? No, I do not. So my advice to anyone in the state of G. B. is to organize in his neighborhood a branch of the Anti-Mathematics Club. This was founded by a young relative of mine; members were automatically expelled when and if they passed a mathematics examination of any sort. It was organized half-way through prep. school and lasted with membership almost intact well into the second semester of Sophomore year. It is a movement that should, I believe, be encouraged. Think of all the complications we could be saved if we kept to the good old feudal custom of reckoning upon the fingers! How many a sweet surprise I should have lost had my sums always added up the same! As it is, I run swiftly up a column and it's one thing, and then I run lightly down and find it's quite another. Art requires an element of the unexpected and humor of the incongruous. I may say without boasting that my addition is both artistic and funny. Why not let well enough alone? Why not let the bank do it?

Now in case it were Latin, Hunter College Press has just led off with its first volume, "A New Introduction to Latin," by Harry L. Levi and Bernard Riess, meant to teach Latin to adults, approaching from modern languages and in general with departure from the traditional methods of teaching this language to pupils of high school age.

J. T. S., Huntington Park, asks for a list of college novels that have been published since "A Reader's Guide Book" appeared, which listed those up to 1924-25.

IF the reading public does not know by this time what is the matter with the American college, it will not be for lack of effort on the part of some of our novelists. For our college novels seldom simply accept the university as a background or surrounding state of things, but often definitely go after it as what Hollywood calls the "menace." I have just learned, from Roy McCardell's "My Aunt Angie" (Farrar & Rinehart) in which "Jurgen" is filmed as "The Half-Horse Man" with Lon Chaney, that this means "acute or persistent peril, or constant obstacle that hero or heroine has to fight against." Yes, college, in one way or another, seems to be the menace. It remains to be seen in what ways. Paid athletics enter into Charles Wright Ferguson's "Pigskin" (Doubleday, Doran), whose scene is a Southern university; and into Percy Marks's "The Unwilling God" (Harper); James Neville's "Mud and Glory" (Duffield) is a regulation football story. In "The Duke Steps Out," by Lucian Cary (Doubleday, Doran), a superior prize-fighter goes to college incognito for romantic reasons. Women's colleges are under fire in a typical "Warner Fabian" story, "Unforbidden Fruit" (Liveright), and one college in particular catches it in Kathleen Millay's "Against the Wall" (Macaulay). In "The Tethered Bubble" (Century), Fanny Lee Weyant presents a college in 1897, when the higher education for women was still a subject of debate. The data in Olive Dean Hormel's "Co-Ed" (Scribner) is said to be reliable, and the information in "Fraternity Row" and the other enlivening works of L. and L. Montross (Doubleday, Doran) certainly sounds reasonable. Some college stories, however, do take their scene for granted and treat it gayly: "In Princeton Town," by Day Edgar (Scribner), ingenious and colorful short stories, or "Boojum," by Charles Wertenbaker (Liveright), in which a seventeen-year-old poet performs a comedy of evasion, or "Spring's Banjo," by Horatio Gates Winslow (Frank-Maurice), a bright love story of the University of Wisconsin with plenty of local color, or Katherine Brush's "Glitter" (Minton, Balch), about a boy and girl at college. In Robert Herrick's "Chimes" (Macmillan) the University of Chicago appears; in "The Western Shore," by Clarkson Crane (Harcourt, Brace), there are faithful pictures of life in a Far Western coeducational university; Albert Parker Fitch's "None So Blind" (Macmillan) deals with Harvard and the Harvard spirit in later life, and Ellery H. Clark's "Daughters of Eve" (Dorrance) includes Boston and Cambridge. The faculty is the feature in "Wings of Wax," by Janet Hoyt (Sears), in which a man from a small Eastern college goes to a Middle-Western university and fails; the author was a former Dean of Women. Faculty problems figure also in Wanda Neff's "Lone Voyagers" (Houghton Mifflin), in which the campus life of a Middle-Western college and the financial struggles of professors and their wives are sympathetically shown; they are also in Stanley Johnson's "Professor" (Harcourt, Brace), which takes place in a Vermont college. Mrs. Neff's earlier novel, "We Sing Diana" (Houghton Mifflin) was about conditions in a woman's college.

The high school has come in for several slaps; one from a high-school boy, R. S. Carr, in "The Rampant Age" (Doubleday, Doran), one from the standpoint of the teacher, in Lola Jean Simpson's "Treadmill" (Macmillan), and one in the course of a general showing-up of the human race in "Oregon Detour," by Nard Jones (Brewer & Warren). An English high school figures in the tragic history of "War among Ladies," by Eleanor Scott (Little, Brown); its struggle is the grim one to hold on until a pension shall fall due, combined with the old conflict that rages whenever there is poverty and not jobs enough. Renée Haynes's "Neapolitan Ice" (Dial) is about a girl at an Oxford college for women; it has good local color. In this connection it could be added that there are several unforgettable pages about English college life for women in Virginia Woolf's "A Room of Her Own" (Harcourt, Brace)—and what a valuable book that is! "Martin Hammer," by Kathleen Freeman (Harcourt, Brace) concerns a professor of English in a university in the North of England. "Laurel and Straw," by James Saxon Childers (Appleton), honestly tries to give American readers an idea of how an American Rhodes scholar feels about Oxford, but it manages to get this admiration expressed in ways more likely to make us chuckle than imitate.

And now comes a non-fiction survey of the whole subject, "The Awakening College," by C. C. Little (Norton), the former president of the University of Michigan, who treats athletics, coeducation, fraternities, and other matters in a way that has made the book already widely read and discussed.

E. E. H., Wakefield, R. I., wishes a history of the Comedy of Masks, from which to learn where Pierrot and Columbine came into it. "I have Vernon Lee's essay, but they seem not to be in it."

THE grand general standby on this subject has just been admirably translated and beautifully published in America; this is the famous work of Pierre Louis Duchartre, excellently translated by Randolph T. Weaver (brother of John A. Weaver) as "The Italian Comedy," and published in a sumptuous illustrated volume by John Day. You will find Pierrot in the chapter on "Pedrolino and His Family," and Columbine in "The Women of the Commedia dell'Arte," and you will also find all there is to know on the Comedy of Masks in general, with over two hundred old pictures reproduced in color, collotype, and halftone, of which a number, added for the edition, have been hitherto unpublished.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1113)

appears toward the end; it has an air of amateurish carpentry that is most annoying. The rest is a mixture of passable story-telling and second-rate exposition. A strange book, defying exact classification!

ABOVE AND BELOW. By R. D. DORTHY. Holt. 1930. $2.50.

The jacket of this book tells us that there has been much speculation regarding the sex of its author, but for a guess, R. D. Dorthy is a woman, and for another, a woman who has modelled her style on the peculiarly feminine style of Virginia Woolf. The book covers a few hours in the lives of a group of Londoners, who are presented first in ones and twos in the afternoon, and then assembled for a dinner-party in the evening. From their casual recollections and reflections, one learns something of their characters and complicated emotional relationships. In the evening, they hear that the tenant of the flat below has just died, and this sudden intrusion of harsh fact brings to a focus their somewhat ineffectual emotions.

Such at least is the plan of the book. Its resemblance to the plan of "Mrs. Dalloway" is evident, and the method, the use of a modification of the stream-of-consciousness technique, is the same. But "Above and Below" is not another "Mrs. Dalloway." The characters are in themselves too tenuous to hold the interest, and the subtlety and complication of their analysis is carried so far as to defeat itself; four of the half-dozen are by no means clear. The reader, foreseeing the use that will be made of the death below, comes to look forward to it as something definite in itself which will define the desires of the supersubtle characters; but even the climax leaves them still undecided in outline.

One feels that Miss Dorthy (to hazard the title) has an unusually fine sense for the shades of character, but at present she trusts too much to nuances. One feels that one has a pattern of silver on white that might be exquisite if one could catch the light on it from the right angle, but that is delicate almost to invisibility.

LOVE'S ILLUSION. By J. D. BERESFORD. Viking. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Beresford's novel is an extremely leisurely account of first love and the succeeding first disillusionment. In 275 pages his hero has done little more than meet the object of his affections, to whom he has not yet dared to say a word of definite declaration. As might be expected, the scene of this possibly realistic, but also somewhat exhausting, courtship is an English rectory. The lover is the rector's son; the heroine the squire's daughter, and the atmosphere excessively parochial.

It is obvious that Mr. Beresford has deliberately confined his story within these narrow limits, and within them it is an excellent piece of work, carefully observed, built up to its climax slowly but steadily. Containing many good things of a minor sort, it yet lacks real distinction in its entirety. It is the sort of story almost everyone has to tell in one form or another of his youth, and it is this universal quality, no doubt, that has led Mr. Beresford to rewrite it for us. Unfortunately the matter-of-fact, too true-to-life, tone is here carried to such lengths that his book becomes uninteresting in spite of the author's good intentions and fine workmanship. The transfiguring force which might bring it all to life is never granted, so that in the end the whole remains flat and uninspiring, as must be the too actual reminiscences of the average man whose story Mr. Beresford is supposed to be telling.

THE MERCURY STORY BOOK. Longmans, Green. $2.50.

PILLARS OF DESTINY. By *Theodore Chopourian*. Compton Press. $2.50.

RAINBOW IN THE SPRAY. By *Pamela Wynne*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

TRISTAN IN BRITTANY. Translated by *Dorothy Leigh Sayers*. Payson & Clarke. $3.

SIR LANCELOT OF THE LAKE. Translated by *Lucy Allen Paton*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

SIGNIFICANT CONTEMPORARY STORIES. Edited by *Edith Mirrielees*. Doubleday, Doran.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1929. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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Juvenile

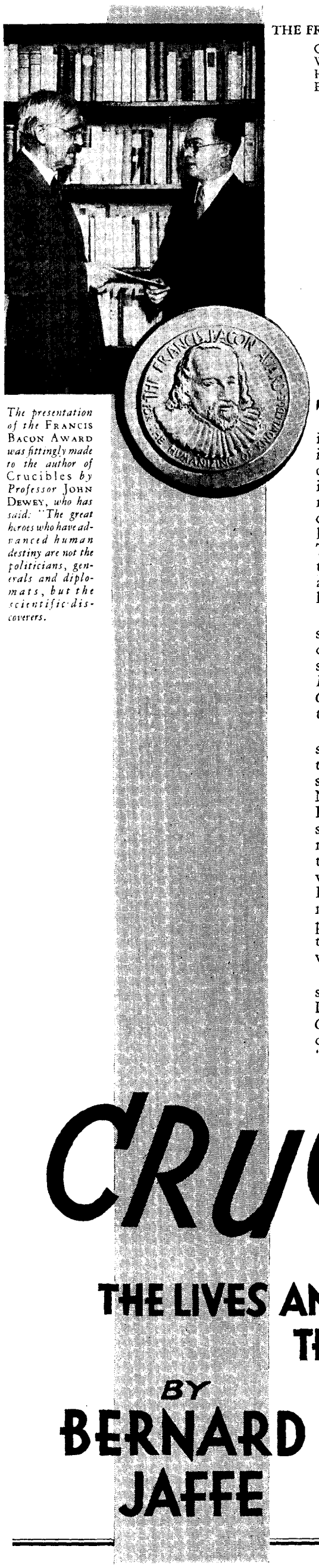
(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page* 1119)

JUDY OF THE WHALE GATES. By *Elizabeth Burrows*. Doubleday Doran. 1930. $2.

KAH'-DA. By *Donald Baxter MacMillan*. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

NANCY'S LONE GIRL SCOUTS. By *Jean Henry Large*. Appleton. 1930. $1.50.

THE WORLD'S FAMILY. By *Helen Corke*. New York: Oxford University Press.



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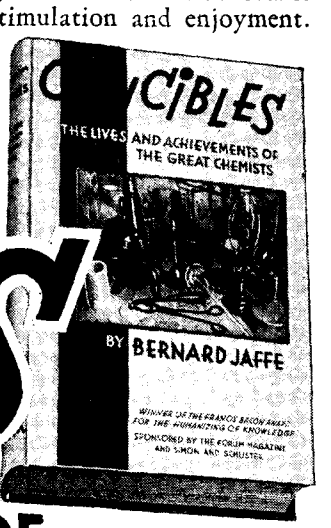

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The London *Times Literary Supplement* says:

"The French have been celebrating during the last few weeks, with characteristic enthusiasm and comprehensiveness, the 'centenaire du Romantisme.' No phase of the life and times of that epoch has been overlooked, while its pictorial humor and satire will form a feature of the twenty-third exhibition of the Salon des Humoristes at the Palace de Glace, always a diverting relief from the two Salons close by. Among the many and diverse celebrations perhaps the most fêted event of all is that of the production of Victor Hugo's 'Hernani,' February 23, 1830. 'Ce fut,' we are told, 'un grand évènement littéraire, une retentissante bataille, dans laquelle les romantiques et les classiques en vinrent presque aux mains. Le premier soir, le succès fut très grand et la victoire resta aux partisans de Hugo.'

"We gather, from 'Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie'—written, as all the world knows, by Madame Victor Hugo—that after the fourth act the publisher Mame offered the author 6,000f. for the right of publishing the play; that Hugo wanted to wait until the play was finished, but that "le petit homme" was insistent, and finally got his way. Hugo possessed about 50f. at the time, and so the handling of 6,000f. seemed a fortune indeed. Some very interesting and hitherto unpublished documents on the earlier phases of 'Hernani' were recently printed by M. Maurice Levaillant in the *Figaro*. The furore created by the acting of 'Hernani' continued long after the first production of the play, and would naturally have been a magnificent advertisement for the printed edition. The first edition would have been a very large one, to recoup the publisher for the outlay of what was then a very large sum. The full title of the play, 'Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castillan,' bore the imprint of Mame et Delaunay-Vallée and was published stitched in paper wrappers. It is not by any means a scarce book in France, except in mint state. In the most recent issue of L. Maurice Lang's 'Annuaire des Ventes de Livres' (1927-28), the prices show a wide range from 135f. for a copy *défraichie* to 8,000f. for one richly bound by Gruel. We can only trace one or two copies in English salerooms. Professor Edward Dowden's uncut one fetched £4 15s. at Hodgson's in December, 1913.

"Most of the autograph manuscripts of Victor Hugo are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, but that of 'Hernani' is in the library of the Comédie Française, where, on paper somewhat yellowed by time, it will remain a kind of memento of the 'tumultueuse' battle now almost 'légendaire comme un fait d'armes.' Some years ago—in 1906—the question of the manuscript being removed from the Comédie Française to the National Library was discussed in one of the Paris newspapers, especially in view of the devastating fire at the theatre on March 8, 1900; but the often expressed wish of Victor Hugo was regarded as an insurmountable difficulty.

"The 'bataille d'Hernani' does not seem to have had much of an echo in England. The earliest English translation of Hugo is probably 'Han of Iceland,' 1825, with four brilliant etchings by George Cruikshank, now collected as a Cruikshank rather than as a Hugo book. 'Notre-Dame de Paris' appeared in an English translation in the same year as the original, 1831, while 'The Slave King,' adapted from 'Bug-Jargal,' appeared in English in 1833. Even with these the name of Victor Hugo does not seem to have meant much to English publishers. In 1832 Lord Francis Leveson Gower published in one volume, through J. Andrews, of New Bond Street, translations of 'Catherine de Cleves' (*i. e.*, Henry III et sa Cour), by Alexandre Dumas, first performed in Paris in February, 1829, and 'Hernani,' by Victor Hugo. The translator took considerable liberties with the Dumas play, and these he explains or justifies in his preface; but 'Hernani' did not call for the same attention. This would seem to be the first appearance of Dumas in English; the play was produced in London, as may be gathered from one of the Ingoldsby Legends, 'The Tragedy,' of which the moral ends thus:

When alone in your room shut the door,
close and lock it!
Above all—keep your handkerchief safe in
your pocket!
Lest you, too, should stumble, and Lord
Leveson Gower, he
Be call'd on,—sad poet!—to tell your sad
story!

"Lord Francis Leveson Gower in 1846 became Earl of Ellesmere, and died in 1857; among his several translations was one of 'Faust.' The very neatly printed volume with the two plays of Dumas and Hugo is occasionally met with in booksellers' catalogues; the copy before us has certain corrections and alterations which may possibly be in the autograph of the translator."

The "Argosy," the catalogue of the Argosy bookstore, in a number issued some time ago, contained the following introduction:

"Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and John Keats have severally left us the most fascinating and delightful glimpses of rooms, possessions, and books that were theirs. We know how Lamb's exquisite predilection for the latter, led him oftenest to caress his 'darling folios,' if only with ardent eyes; we are creditably informed by Leigh Hunt of his devotion for beautiful bindings, for a cat by a blazing fire, for likenesses of his favorite poets; by Keats, for his Black-Letter Chaucer, a much-annotated, five-volume Milton, and an ancient print of Shakespeare. To search the essays or letters of our inveterate idolatries, is to find either a forthright confession or a circuitous committal. . . . It was in such a mood that our old friend, Vincent Starrett—book-lover and book-collector *par excellence*—sat himself down to unburden the following, completely human and sincerely impassioned document. We recommend it, when the roar of a world relentlessly riding toward chaos, proves mostly insistent and mainly vulnerable, to tired ears and an overjaded brain:

"'The company of sweetheart, wife or friend is often very sweet and very satisfying. Each has its recurring hour or moment, in which no other companionship will do. It is a lonely world—for lonely people. In a big place like the world one likes *little* things, little happinesses, little superstitions, and often one must have company or go mad. . . .

"'My room is somewhat small, as I prefer it to be, and there are bookcases against two walls. The chairs are shabby and comfortable. There are a few pictures on the walls, but on the whole it is rather a bare room, and persons who are given to bridge and bridge lamps find it uninhabitable. My own chair sits in a corner, flanked on one hand by a low table holding magazines and tobacco, and on the other by my favorite case of books. From it, I can look diagonally across to a small, flat desk, containing unanswered letters and partly-written manuscripts; supporting a small, green lamp surmounted by a parchment shade. On the shade there is a spirited drawing, in color, representing the first meeting of the Pickwick Club. The room has other features, but superficially I have described it, except that I have neglected to say that its windows—there are two of them, set close together—look out upon somebody's back lawn, on which there are trees, and in season, birds and squirrels. . . .

"'The company of sweethearts, wives and friends, is often very sweet, as I was saying, and sometimes for an hour or for a moment only, such companionship will do; but there are times, at night, when nothing in all the world is more satisfying than to sit quietly in my chair, alone and doing nothing at all, while the Pickwick lamp drops its lonely light on my desk across the room, and only my books are vocal in the gloom beside me. There are times when I think I should like to sit just so, for ever.'"

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The Holy Bible in Verse

ON March 25, in one of the minor book auctions in New York, there was sold a copy of the 1717 edition of a highly interesting American cradle book. A cradle book from several points of view: first, in being of early date; second, in being a book for children; and third, in being of miniature size.

Furthermore, and most important, is the fact that the book was issued, and probably written, by Benjamin Harris, the father of the New England Primer, and that the ten cuts in the Bible in Verse were copied, in reverse, from cuts in the earliest known edition of the New England Primer, 1727, a single copy of which is one of the treasures of the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library.

While it is probable that the Bible in Verse was printed in England, its circulation seems to have been almost exclusively in this country. Of the eight known copies, of various dates from 1717 to 1729, all but one were found in the United States and are now owned here. The only copy which bears a place of printing was issued in Edinburgh in 1724, and now rests in the Advocates Library in that city.

The 1717 copy is 3⅜ inches tall, is in the original leather binding and on the fly leaf at the back is inscribed "Benjamin Clansee his Book September the 17 day 1732 price 0-5-0." W. M. S.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby and Company, London. June 16th-19th inclusive: Books, illuminated and other manuscripts, autograph letters and historical documents, the property of various owners. It will be especially interesting to American collectors to notice that the first items to be sold in this auction are the Goldsmith works belonging to Mr. Ralph Isham who attained notoriety by his purchase of the Boswell papers a few years ago. The collection includes: Goldsmith's translation of "The Memoirs of a Protestant," London, 1758; "The Mystery Revealed," London, 1762; "The Vicar of Wakefield," Salisbury, 1766, from the H. V. Jones collection; the first American edition of the same, Philadelphia, for William Mentz, 1772; "The Good Natur'd Man," 1768; the genuine first issue of "The Deserted Village," with the mis-spelling "Tryan'ts Head"; an early issue of "Retaliation: a Poem," London, 1774; "Select Poems," 1775; "The Haunch of Venison," 1776; and the Dublin, 1777, edition of the "Poems and Plays." The other more interesting items are: Fanny Burney's proof copy of her "Memoirs of Doctor Burney," with alterations and corrections in her autograph; Chaucer's "Caunterbury Tales," R. Pynson, 4 June, 1526; Mrs. Piozzi's "Retrospection," with manuscript notes in the author's handwriting; a collection of thirty items relating to tobacco; the criminological library of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, 116 items consisting largely of criminal trials and reports of Courts Martial; an unbound, uncut, and unopened copy of Lord Byron's "Waltz: an apostrophic hymn," 1813; Coleridge's "Christabel," London, 1816; Lewis Carroll, Galsworthy, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Jane Austen, Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, and a large group of Dickens and Thackeray novels in the original parts; a collection of over two thousand autograph letters, written by members of the ducal house of Leinster, mainly during the latter half of the 18th century; an early letter of Dr. Johnson's, dated October 30, 1731; a note from Boswell to his daughter, Veronica; the autograph manuscript of a three-part Canon done by Bach; a letter from Chopin written from the home of George Sand; the manuscript of Paderewski's "Minuet in G"; several letters of Richard Wagner's; the original manuscript of Dr. Thomas Arne's "Whittingtons Feast; H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle, London, 1912, with the author's signature on the half-title; Edward Orme's "Collection of British Field Sports," London, 1807; the original manuscript, 79 pages, octavo, of Sir James Barrie's "Better Dead," the first book to be published with his name on the title page; the manuscript, 106 pages, of his "Bohemia; a new and original comedy in three acts," written while Barrie was a student at Edinburgh; the manuscript of Kipling's "The White Man's Burden"; Tennyson's "Queen Mary," London, 1875, with a presentation inscription on the title page, and a dried spray of flowers gathered by the poet attached to the half title; and a deluge of letters from the tireless correspondent of Mid-Victorian England, Charles Dickens.

In order to mark the seventieth year of their existence as a firm, Messrs. Maggs, of London, have issued a catalogue of French Eighteenth Century Illustrated Books, bound by the foremost workmen of the period. The catalogue is a magnificent piece of work, beautifully illustrated—many of the bindings are reproduced in colors—and within the limitations of its special subjects, most carefully annotated. There is nothing original to be said about such a thing—since it does not pretend to be an exhaustive bibliography in any way, or to emphasize certain books to the exclusion of others, it can be accepted gratefully as something unusual, and praised for its entire freedom from self-consciousness. Nor is it necessary even to point out important items: collectors can, with far greater satisfaction to themselves, go through it for whatever excites them. It should, in any case, be invaluable for a long time as a book of reference for all those whose interests are in the bindings for engravings that it presents so well.

The other really good recent catalogues are the R. Fletcher, Ltd. (23, New Oxford Street, London), number 43, which gives an unusual amount of attention to the less hackneyed of the nineteenth century novelists; the Bertram Rota (76a, Davies Street, London), number 16, devoted almost entirely to modern writers; and the James F. Drake (14 West 40th Street, New York), number 220, which continues the high standard of excellence expected of this firm. Without unnecessary fuss and without incessant self-advertising, these catalogues go about the business of listing books as if it were almost a duty to be clear, exact, and consistently interesting: as a result, they attain a kind of distinction it is impossible to overlook. G. M. T.

The sale at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, on May 7-9, of the first part of the choice library of the late M. Edouard Rahir not only far exceeded all the most optimistic prophecies, but seems to have established a world's record which is not likely to be soon displaced. The 250 lots realized the surprising total of 12,735,000f. (£101,880). Nothing has yet been announced concerning the sale of the remaining portion of the library, but it may be mentioned that, in memory of her husband, Mme. Rahir has presented to the Bibliothèque Nationale several important editions of Calvin, Rabelais and Marot. The National Library further benefited, for at the sale it acquired at 52,000f. the copy of J. J. Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village," 1752, an "intermède" "representé à Fontainebleau et Paris," inscribed on the title-page by the author "Pour Madame la Marquise de Pompadour de la part de son très humble serviteur J. J. Rousseau." The sale catalogue does not mention that the Pompadour took the part of Colin in the *Devin du Village* when produced at Bellevue, and that the success of the piece induced the Marquise to send a sum of 50 louis to Jean Jacques, whose letter of thanks, March 7, 1753, is printed in Emile Campardon's "Madame de Pompadour et la Cour de Louis XV.," 1867, page 146.

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from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

For six years *The Inner Sanctum* was a concept, an abstraction, an imagined refuge and retreat to be approached like some unattainable infinity. Always it remained a symbol, without physical being—except for a column of type on the page apposite [NOTE TO PRINTER: *please, please, follow copy and don't massacre an erudite pun*] of *The New York World* and the *Phoenix Nest* page of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

All that changed last week, however, when the offices moved from Thirty-seven West 57th Street to 386 Fourth Avenue. Now, believe it or not, in the southeast corner of the seventh floor occupied by your correspondents, directly between the private offices of both of them, is lodged a tangible four-dimensional *sanctum sanctorum*—a core of tranquillity in the heart of the publishing arena, a hideaway for harried editors, a still sanctuary for prayers and meditation.

The treatment, as the supervising architects like to think of it, is predominantly one of books—a few titles from the shelves of Simon and Schuster, but chiefly classics that have stood the test of time—purchased from *The Modern Library*, *The Oxford University Press*, *Scribner's*, *Macmillan*, and other neighbors on Publishers' Row. [*Incidentally, speaking of rows, most of them are dollar books.*]

The best things of life may or may not be free, but certainly it is a heartening fact that the best books of all eternity can be had in noble format for one dollar and less. It was therefore no extravagance to adorn *The Inner Sanctum* with such imperishable favorites as *Moby Dick*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *The Essays of Montaigne*, *Hazlitt and Bacon*, and *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

There come days, however, when the carpeted silences of *The Inner Sanctum* is invaded by the shrill clamor of the city room. Last Thursday was one of those days—for the atmosphere was one of those days—for the atmosphere sputtered with manifestoes, and the very skies showered dire predictions and slashing dollar-signs. It may be an interesting foot-note to publishing history to record here that the plan for *The Inner Sanctum Novels—New Fiction for One Dollar*—had been conceived and formulated six months ago. Only the authors concerned, two literary agents, a handful of booksellers, and W. A. DWIGGINS, the typographer, knew the secret, and they guarded it valiantly all that time. When the news broke, and the reporters charged *The Inner Sanctum*, they found FELIX SALTEN, author of *Bambi* and *The Hound of Florence*, talking a combination of German, French, English and Gaelic to J. P. McEVOY, author of *Show Girl*, while DAT OLE DEBBIL was endeavoring through the Morse Code, semaphore signals, tap-dancing and deep gutteral noises to convey the Viennese equivalent of *making whoopee*.

ESSANDESS.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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WE have been looking over an advance copy of "The Life and Mind of *Emily Dickinson*," by *Genevieve Taggard*. This volume will not be published until June 20th, but we can assure you from our rapid perusal that it will be worth getting. It is the last word, and although it contains revelations, it is done with delicacy and reverence. Above all it is the work of a distinguished young American poet, who has already shown herself an excellent critic of Emily Dickinson's poetry. . . .

Joseph Edgar Chamberlain has written a history of that famous old newspaper, *The Boston Transcript*, which is the very essence of traditional Boston. Perhaps you may remember *T. S. Eliot's* poem about it. In part, the history of its first hundred years is the history of Boston from 1830 on. Coming out as it does at the time of the New England celebration, it fits in the picture. . . .

Nor will *Anon* like that last phrase; for here is his letter concerning a recent column of ours. What we say is that brickbats as well as lilies of the valley help to fill this sad old life of ours, to say nothing of helping fill a column:

My poor dear Phœnician:

How long, oh lord! how long before your next resurrection? For you have grown stale, flat, and unprofitable. At least, not to be *too* harsh, I find you so this week.

Here are reasons enough:

1. "The ashes . . . in the fireplace may have nothing to do with it, and then again they may." May *what?* Do read that twice.
2. "Something fishy in Finland." How *could* you, oh, how *could* you!
3. "On the other hand it may be a couple of Zebras." Well, what of it? Really, you know—
4. "*Lysistrata* (three guesses how you pronounce it)." It is really excruciating to find such poor, over-worked, non-union phrases in the columns of *The Saturday Review*.
5. "Fannie Hurst"—a last sweet morsel to leave a good taste in our mouths. Ugh!

Now I feel better and can subscribe myself with the most cordial feelings towards you,

ANON.

Anon writes from Cambridge, Mass. But *A. S. R.* writes from the Alumni Association of St. George's School at Newport, Rhode Island, one of the most famed alumni of which (sorry, *Anon!*) is *Leonard Bacon*, poet, philosopher, and friend. Here is A. S. R.'s letter:

My dear "Phœnician":

A poem by "Sylvia Satan" in your issue of May 17 struck me as a strange choice because the images seemed a bit blurred in the wrong way and the words somewhat hard-sought. As a result I sought evidence from others, *i. e.*, a Sixth Form class of boys. Almost without exception they rated the poem high, for they not only caught the pictures but found them stimulating to their imagination. But—"gorge" and "ultimate" still elude me. Why not give us another sample?

In the Spring 1930 issue of *Contemporary Vision*, edited by *Lucia Trent*, *Ralph Cheyney*, and *William Sawyer*, the editors had this to say:

Every book of poetry that is submitted to a publisher for publication should be passed upon by a poet recognized and respected as a poet by his fellows. Every criticism published of a book of poetry should be by a recognized poet. Every book of poetry purchased by a public library should be selected by a recognized poet. Every public library should purchase approximately as many books of poetry as books in any other specific field with the probable necessary exception of novels.

Every anthology of poems should be compiled by a recognized poet. Every poem which is submitted to any periodical should be passed upon by a recognized poet. Periodicals which pay for any contribution should pay for poems. Poems should be paid for at a much higher rate than prose. With obvious exceptions, poets should be paid for all readings and lectures.

With which we are in general agreement, except that poets' opinions of each other differ so that when two or three are gathered together in the name of poetry it is difficult for them to agree on just the poets they do recognize. As for the pay for poems, considering the length of most of the poems used in magazines, poetry is for the most part better paid than prose, for the poems are quite brief and the stories quite long. As for readings and lectures we believe that no organization should request such readings or lectures without being able to pay for them. Where the poet assumes the rôle of professional entertainer, he or she should be renumerated as a professional entertainer. And yet, from year to year poets are constantly asked to "read a few things" just for the general benefit of humanity (presumably!) and because the hostess thinks it would be so very nice. . . .

Hendrik Van Loon has done a life of *Rembrandt*. It is entitled "R. V. R., The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn," will be published by Horace Liveright, and is the October choice of the Literary Guild. Van Loon wrote the life of the famous painter in the village of Veere, Holland. Rembrandt died an "undischarged bankrupt," and to-day his pictures sell for millions. . . .

Glenway Wescott is staying on in Paris to finish his novel of New York life, which will follow "The Grandmothers." . . .

Richard Hughes, author of "A High Wind in Jamaica," or otherwise "The Innocent Voyage," is in Tangier, Morocco, and writes his publishers:

I have now abandoned even the moderate amount of civilization I once retained, and for the last six weeks have been living in tents with a pack of Arabs in some cork-woods at the back of beyond. I have now gone so native that I can operate a typewriter in comfort sitting cross-legged on the ground, and can gallop without my slippers flying off. It is a long time now since my legs experienced the decent chafing of trousers. It is extraordinary how much more practical skirts are, once one gets used to them.

Speaking of the dollar fiction books, as who indeed is not, Duffield & Company have already more than cut in half the price of *General P. N. Krassnoff's* "From Double Eagle to Red Flag," which is to be republished in one volume on September 15th. They also contemplate reducing the price of the new Krassnoff books, as well as "Great Moments of Adventure," by *Evan J. David*. . . .

Apropos of the reduction in book prices we see that a slight increase in the price of French books has been noticable during the last month. Publishers are asking 15 francs for the style of book hitherto sold at 12 francs. This follows upon a gradual improvement in appearance, if not in paper and print. One of the first novels issued at the new price is Jean Prévost's "Les Frères Bouquinquant," a story of fratricide in a barge on the Sein. Well, misery we suppose, is dear at any price. . . .

From June fourth to June thirtieth inclusive you can view the sixth annual exhibition of small sculptures in white soap for the Proctor & Gamble prizes at the American-Anderson Galleries, 30 East 57th Street. . . .

A posthumous novel by *Francis Lynde*, who died at the age of sixty-four in his home on Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, on May 16th, will be published this summer by Scribner's. Its title is "Waters of Strife." Eleven other books by Mr. Lynde are still in print. . . .

A new publishing firm, *Literary Publications*, has been established with offices at 580 Fifth Avenue. Beside publishing books, it will issue a monthly magazine, *The Literary Monthly*, devoted to literature and the arts. It has already issued another, *The Poet and Critic*. The managing editor of the new firm is *Alan Frederick Pater*. . . .

Henry Holt & Company, after publishing *Benedict Fitzpatrick's* "Donjon of Demons," have been surprised at the variations of the title which they have encountered in inquiries. The prize one so far is "Don Juan of Des Moines!" . . .

Coward-McCann have completed arrangements whereby they will represent the Yale University Press in the trade and will sell books of the Press at regular prices. . . .

Ursula Parrott, who wrote "Ex-Wife," was thrown from her horse in Westbury, Long Island, and her injuries include a broken arm. She declares, however, that this will not delay her reading proofs on her new book which Cape & Smith will publish the end of July. Its title is, "Strangers May Kiss." . . .

And so, till next week,

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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The Late 'Teens

By Anne Hume Vance

HAVELOCK ELLIS, looking back after forty years, describes the conversion or "turning round" that at nineteen took place in his psychic life as the climax of an ascensional movement begun in childhood. He marks the stages of ascent by the books he read at different ages. It is not a wholly orthodox list: Renan's "Life of Jesus"; Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise"; D. F. Strauss's "The Old Faith and the New"; Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and finally, "Life in Nature," by James Hinton; nor is it a list that would interest adolescent minds less vigorous than was his. The significant thing to us is that in books he found the measure and the meaning of his psychic experience.

The phases of adolescence are as different as are Shakespeare's seven ages of man; at fifteen, mildly tolerant of what at twelve was shining perfection, at eighteen youth and all its trifling vanities left far behind! How can books be fitted to such diversities, further complicated by variation in the individual who may or may not keep the childish view-point well into adolescence? Shall we dismiss the whole matter by saying, such a hard age! or shall we accept the challenge; set young people in the way of building a library on which to draw during this difficult age, and let the beginnings be books that are good reading for any age? There have been birthdays and Christmases for fourteen years more or less; cousins, aunts, and grandparents have filled bookshelves with their favorities. Some of them are classics, and there shall be a place for them, but now it's somebody else's turn to choose.

Books of high adventure, first-hand accounts, and vigorous retellings, shall go on the shelves of our library. Great adventures are no longer inarticulate, so our task of choosing becomes harder. Berge's "Pearl Diver" (Doubleday, Doran) is adventure under southern seas; La Varre's "Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds" (Jones) an expedition in the jungles of South America; Ellsberg's "On the Bottom" (Dodd, Mead) the salvaging of the S-51, and "Falmouth for Orders," by Villiers (Henry Holt), a race around the Horn between two square riggers in the year of our Lord 1927. Byrd's "Skyward" (Putnam) is as yet the best, if not the only first-class, book of aviation; "Jump" by Don Glessman (Simon & Schuster), true adventures of members of the Caterpillar Club, aviators who have had at one time or another to jump for their lives in parachutes, Lindbergh not excepted. In "The Microbe Hunters" (Harcourt, Brace) heroic exploits of scientists are set forth by a rarely gifted raconteur, Paul de Kruif, and "Galápagos" (Putnam) is William Beebe's account of a lively, uninhabited island in the Pacific. Richard Halliburton has pluck and energy and initiative and a tongue for a tale, and Charles J. Finger, whether writing his autobiography[1] or a tale of Magellan's voyage[2] around the world is good to follow. Tomlinson's "Gallion's Reach" (Harper), W. W. Jacob's tales[3] of small shipping on the Thames, and Hewes's "Swords on the Sea," (Knopf), trade rivalry between Venice and Genoa in their struggle for supremacy, are as good as they come. There are those who say that Conrad and Kipling are slow for these days, but we shall put "Lord Jim" and "Kim" on our shelves for those who know better.

There is a reprint of John Buchan's novel "Salute to Adventurers" (Houghton Mifflin), a Revolutionary war story by a master story-teller whose "Greenmantle" we already know. Long out of print is a dashing story of adventure during the Civil War: General J. E. B. Stuart, southern cavalry leader, is the hero of "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," by John Esten Cooke,—a thriller in its day. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Sandy's Bar," "Angel's," (Houghton Mifflin) and other tales of mining camp and ghost city, keep Bret Harte's memory green, but we forget that Washington Irving wrote "Astoria" (Putnam), so busy are we remembering him at Christmas time. Honoré Willsie Morrow in "We Must March" (Stokes) writes a good story of the winning of Oregon, and "The Emigrant," by John Bojer (Century), tells the hard experiences of a Scandinavian peasant and his vigorous wife, turned pioneer and reaching out toward progress in the new land of Dakota.

Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" (Doubleday, Doran) is a story of the Oklahoma run for land in 1889, a book that one begins and does not lay down until the last page is read. It is strong meat, but it will put iron into blood and sinew. Edna Ferber does not spare the men and women of her creation. She strips Sabra Cravat stark of the satisfactions of life; and there is left a bright and shining substance that may not be touched by dull or corroding experience. Of such courage and unconscious heroism as is Sabra Cravat in fiction are in real life Margaret and her Danish-born husband, Carl Jensen, whose autobiography, "An American Saga" (Little, Brown), rises to heights of sentiment and expression, the loftier because emerging from the depths of drabness. The spirited "Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody," edited by Christina H. Baker (Houghton Mifflin), have found appreciation and response in young readers. Wresting beauty from poverty and frustration, this gifted young woman unconsciously interprets youth to itself and to us. Gertrude Bell's "Letters" (Boni & Liveright) have the same creative vitality; those from Switzerland being of especial interest to young people. With a verve and a casualness that both charm and astonish she tells her experiences as a "climbing woman." Forty-eight hours on the rope leaves her stiff and half-frozen, but undismayed by the "wonderful and terrible things that happen in high places." "Up the Years from Bloomsbury" (Little, Brown) is permeated by the inimitable charm of George Arliss's personality; and humor, as well as pathos and hardiness, go to make up a Swedish girlhood in "Marbacka," by Selma Lagerlöf (Doubleday, Doran). The universal appeal of Etsu Sugimoto's story of her own life[4] is attested to by a distinguished woman who said, "the early part of the book reminded me of my own New England girlhood." A Life of Madame Roland[5] will interest the biography-minded young person, as will Frank Linderman's "American" (John Day), the faithful setting down of an Indian's own story as he told it.

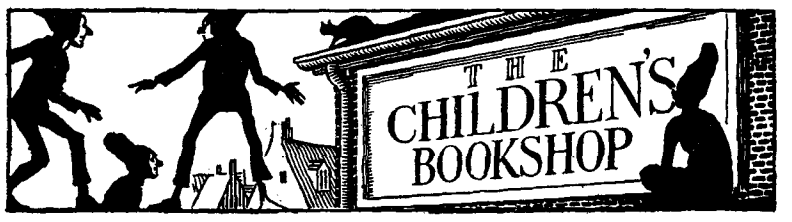
Another realm of adventure is invaded by Ada and Robert Yerkes in "The Great Apes" (Yale Press), of which even the most technical parts are understandable because terms familiar to the layman are used in describing the experiments. There are fascinating glimpses of gibbons swinging about in forest trees, of gorillas building their nests of leaves and twigs and of chimpanzees being taught to sit at table and to eat with spoon and fork. Of much smaller dimensions, but authoritative, is "My Friend Toto," by Cherry Kearton, (Dodd, Mead), the story of a young chimpanzee who became the friend of the author. Among the new books this year is one with the engaging title, "Animals Looking at You," by Paul Eipper (Viking Press), given to us in translation from the German. The author, a painter of his friends, the animals, on canvas as well as in these graphic word sketches, has written a vivid, vital book and one that is said by authorities to be essentially true. Another artist who is also a naturalist is Eric Daglish whose woodcuts in "The Life Story of the Birds" (Morrow) are of signal interest.

We shall make a beginning of poetry for our library, but not, I hope, an ending, with one at least of the good anthologies; Auslander and Hill's two volumes,[6] Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither" (Knopf), a "Golden Treasury" or an "Oxford Book of Verse," or, for solid comfort, Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" (Holt). To one or more of these good companions we shall add that corking romantic poem of Masefield's, "Enslaved" (Macmillan), and Benét's epic, "John Brown's Body" (Doubleday, Doran), and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "King's Henchman"; (Harper) her "Harp Weaver," too, since it is no hurt to the young to suffer in their untroubled minds with the unfortunate of the earth. There is the essence of poetry in the beautiful prose of Bonsel's "Adventures of Mario" (A. & C. Boni) which even in translation attains a loftiness of style and theme that lifts it far beyond the mere tale of a boy finding his world in the forest and with its creatures. Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine" (Macmillan), Alan Fournier's "Wanderer" (Houghton Mifflin), Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (Knopf), and Thornton Wilder's "Woman of Andros" (A. & C. Boni), are companions in beauty.

And what of art and music, religion and the drama, and all the other untouched fields that furnish footholds for the young traveler? There's room and to spare on our shelves. We shall need more than a book a month to fill them quickly, for these young people are eager to be on their way. They want and will have books, and many of them must be modern, made in their own day, *for them*, and who are we to say them nay! Your sixteen year old boy is machine-minded. He lives in a power-age and finds its history and its philosophy in "Men and Machines."[7] Your daughter admires courage and fearlessness even when it finds expression in bucking the universe; she is reading "Twelve Against the Gods."[8] Their approach to both new and old is as different from ours, as is distant the milestone marking their youth from the milestone marking ours, and they are keener to taste and to try the fruit of good and evil than were we, even in the days of our innocence.

I crown him and I go, but he is hurled
into life's beauty against the plausible gods
of sleek content, and master of the world
establishes his starry periods,
and in his turn
passes, but because of him the living *gods*
return—

[1] Seven Horizons (Doubleday, Doran).
[2] Courageous Companions (Longmans, Green).
[3] Many Cargoes and More Cargoes (Stokes).
[4] The Daughter of the Samurai (Doubleday, Doran).
[5] A Daughter of the Seine, by Eaton (Harper).
[6] The Winged Horse and the Winged Horse Anthology (Doubleday Doran).
[7] Stuart Chase (Macmillan).
[8] William Bolitho (Simon Schuster).



Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

Reviews

HOBBIES FOR GIRLS. By Mabel Kitty Gibbard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1930. $2.

HOBBIES FOR BOYS. By G. Gibbard Jackson. Illustrated by Peter T. Jackson. The same.

Reviewed by Kitty Gause

TO the despairing young college freshman, the bane of whose existence is the proverbial theme assignment of "How to Make or Do Something," we recommend these two books as exemplars of readable expository writing. Technical, of course, as the nature of them dictates, but still having a note of human appeal, they will reach the adolescent boy or girl as well as his or her elder. The human element lies in the fact that both authors actually talk to their readers in a manner of camaraderie rather than in a dictatorial way. The readers are made to feel (and this point will be especially attractive to the young and inexperienced makers and doers of things) that each enterprise described is not a far-fetched vagary of the imagination, but a *fait accompli* which has been undertaken and carried through by others, and is, therefore, altogether possible.

The books comprise, respectively, thirty-five and twenty-five chapters on such subjects as cycle touring, walking, flower-collecting, pet-keeping, garden and garden-accessory making, telescopy, writing, and numerous other worthwhile pastimes. The information set forth bespeaks an intimate knowledge of a wide and varied range. The accompanying sketches are helpful, and the photographs are interesting. But we would suggest that the illustrative material in several instances be placed closer to the written matter to which it refers. Mr. Jackson in his foreword gives as the *raison d'être* of his book the fact that extant hobby books have left much ground either uncovered or covered only perfunctory. Other claims for existence that both books can justify are that they are mindful at all times of possible (or probable) slender purses, and that they explain as perfectly feasible a number of projects which the average boy or girl would consider out of the question. Both authors show themselves to be nature lovers, and to be possessed of an esthetic as well as a practical strain; indeed, we were reminded more than once of Washington Irving's rural-life-in-England sketches. The books, written by Englishmen, are distinctly English in tone with their quaint "cycling" and cycle "saddles." These volumes are not in every degree criteria of prose writing, since we notice the use of "humans" for human beings in "Hobbies for Boys"; and in "Hobbies for Girls": "Watch someone *diving* and then proceed to copy their actions."

We agree with Miss Gibbard, who recommends in her foreword that girls interested in her book peruse its companion volume; and we make the same recommendation to boys who like Mr. Jackson's book. Each chapter is labelled, and therefore no boy need fear being bored by an altogether too feminine project. Girls do not seem to be affected similarly by boys' books. Singular, isn't it?

As reference books for the school library, the camp, the club, and the home, these two volumes will be of benefit. To the teacher, the club sponsor, the librarian, the councillor, the parent, and to any other adult who has the adolescent problem at heart, they will be most suggestive. Last of all, the adult who has not grown up, or who lacked opportunities in his youth that the children of to-day enjoy, will find in them material for instruction as well as entertainment.

APPLE PIE HILL. By Helen Forbes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by Christina H. Baker

THIS story for young girls is fresh, unsentimental, spirited. A companionable grandmother is sympathetic but not meddlesome. Father and mother take that place in the young girl's background where they guarantee security, while playing but a small part in her detailed life. This is true to the normal, and yet very few adults writing of children can resist the pleasure of making the parents play a predominant part. It is refreshing to find Miss Forbes escaping this temptation. The young heroine is a delightful girl, and she and her cousin are the centre of swift and interesting action. The book is wholesome without being dull, and expresses sentiment without sentimentality. Good reading.

A. LINCOLN. By Ross F. Lock[illegible] Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book [illegible]pany. 1930.

Reviewed by L. E. Robinson

IT is easy to recall lives of Lincoln written primarily to impress young people with the spirit of patriotism and less with a portrait of the man and his times. They have usually followed the common practice of biographers to make out a good case for their heroes by stressing those virtues conceived to be especially suited to the moulding of citizens in the making. Mr. Lockridge has not departed from this purpose in designing his book for educational purposes; but in keeping his eye upon the common American affection for Lincoln, he has been student enough of his subject to present him as a very human individual persistently working his way through difficult or through opportune circumstances to eminence. He has escaped over-emphasis of the school-master motive and speech and has as carefully avoided the over-coloring of incidents which, in some hands, would lend themselves to the motives of mental excitement or diversion.

His confident ease of narration and his abundant selection of matters of interest give Mr. Lockridge's book for young people a touch of distinction. It would attract and instruct adults unfamiliar with the historical circumstances out of which Lincoln emerged. His competent knowledge of the most authoritative literature of his subject has made it possible for him, within little more than three hundred pages, to include many varied passages from Lincoln's autobiography and from his more formal and miscellaneous writings by way of adding pith and personality to his story. Nor has he avoided certain maladroit incidents such as those connected with Lincoln's courtships or the "Aunt Rebecca" letters leading to the averted duel with Shields. The account of the pioneer experiences in Kentucky, in Indiana, and in Illinois has the veracious ring of the latest information we have on the subject. The author's impression of a self-tutored son of the settling frontier States, with mind alert, patient, and resourceful, is complete for the purpose in view and satisfactory. The account of the debates with Douglas and their political sequences is well done. So is the concise concluding story of the complex responsibilities and military policies thrust upon Lincoln by the clash and crisis of attempted disunion, out of which came the final tragedy.

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Mrs. Louisa Catherine (Johnson) Adams 1775–1852
Wife of John Quincy Adams

THE THIRD GENERATION:

Charles Francis Adams
1807–1886
Minister to Great Britain

Mrs. Abigail Brown (Brooks) Adams
1808–1889
Wife of Charles Francis Adams

THE ADAMS FAMILY

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Author of "The Founding of New England" "Revolutionary New England", "New England in the Republic"

"AMERICAN history", some envious person once remarked, "is all cluttered up with Adamses." Whether as Presidents of their country, members of the Cabinet, diplomats, or as private citizens voicing that dissent for which they are famous, the Adamses, more than any other American family, have left a record of fearless and energetic public service.

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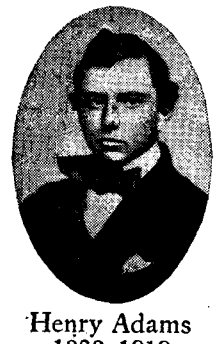

Henry Adams
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1848–1927

(Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, is of the Fifth Generation)

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